The Outlook

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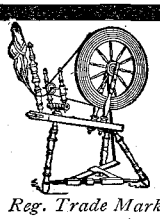
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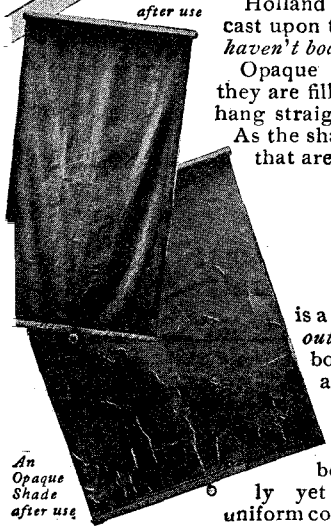
As the shades are handled this chalk *breaks*—making the unsightly "cracks" that are so familiar.



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An Opaque Shade after use

Brenlin

Patented 1906. Trade-mark Registered

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is a fine, closely woven, supple material *without filling of any kind*, yet with a *natural* body that makes it hang straight and smooth and *really shade.* With **Brenlin Duplex,** *dark one side, light the other,* you can darken bedrooms completely yet maintain a uniform color outside.

The name BRENLIN is perforated in the edge of every yard. You can only see it by taking the shade in your hands and examining it closely—but be sure that it is there when your shades are delivered. It is your protection against shades that look like Brenlin—but "crack." Leading dealers have Brenlin; if yours hasn't, we will give you the name of one who has, or supply you direct.

Write today for samples, all colors, and "The Treatment of Windows," showing how best lighting effects are secured

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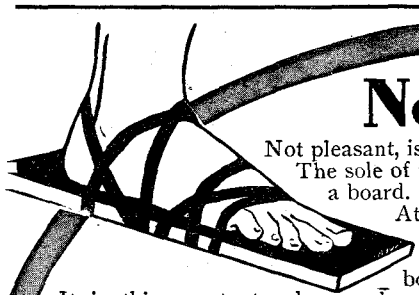
Now walk!



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The sole of the ordinary *shoe* is as stiff, as unyielding as a board.

At every step you take, your foot bends, the sole of your shoe bends scarcely at all. This makes the ball of your foot, bearing the *entire* weight of your body, rub against the sole.

It is this constant rub, rub, rub that brings hard, callous places, makes your feet "draw," burn, ache! 95 out of every 100 cases of foot suffering can be traced directly to this cause. In the RED CROSS SHOE, there is *none* of this rubbing.

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Our booklet, "Modern Shoe Comfort," shows all of the styles for the season, and explains the importance of foot comfort to health. *Write for it.*

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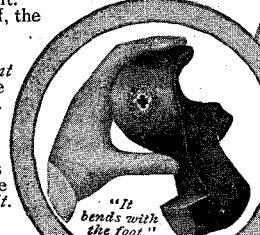

"It bends with the foot."

(Trade-Mark)

Red Cross Shoe

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1908

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The Political Campaign

As the political campaign advances, the support of the leading candidate for the Presidential nomination in each party continues to increase in strength. For the Republican Convention 744 delegates have been selected out of a total membership of 980. Of this number 359 are known to favor Secretary Taft, 68 Senator Knox, 56 Governor Hughes, 46 Speaker Cannon, 32 Vice-President Fairbanks, 25 Senator La Follette, while 160 are uncommitted. Secretary Taft has the support of over 48 per cent of the delegates so far elected, and within 132 of the number of votes necessary for his nomination on the first ballot. The contest, as it now stands, resolves itself into Mr. Taft against the "favorite sons," each of whom has the support of practically no delegates except those from his own State, and in one or two cases not all of those. The Nevada and New Hampshire Conventions last week declined to indorse Mr. Taft, while not expressing preference for any one else, but North Carolina, Colorado, Tennessee, and West Virginia instructed their delegations for him, and Maine adopted a resolution of preference. The Pennsylvania State Convention indorsed Senator Knox and instructed the delegates at large to vote for him, praised Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and adopted a strong protectionist resolution, which admitted, however, rather reluctantly, the need of some revision. Mississippi's delegation is uninstructed, and some delegates are said to favor Mr. Foraker. In the Democratic party there are fewer favorite sons, only Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, and Judge Gray, of Delaware, having been indorsed by their State Conventions, the latter against his expressed wish. An estimate by the New York Herald of the probable make-up of the Democratic Convention gives: delegates already for Mr. Bryan, 217; probably for Mr. Bryan, though not yet chosen, 548; probably against Mr. Bryan, 129; doubtful or uncommitted, 114. The Illinois Convention last week indorsed Mr. Bryan's candidacy, while the New Jersey and Connecticut Conventions declined to declare themselves for him. In the Democratic party the situation seems to be Mr. Bryan against an anti-Bryan sentiment, as yet uncrystallized, with Governor Johnson a probable, and in our opinion admirable, center around which such crystallization may take place.

❀

The President, the Congress, and the People

When, last week Monday, a messenger from the President appeared in Congress, some of the members of the House and the Senate exhibited impatience, some indifference, and some amusement. As soon as Congress, however, learned how the country had received the Message it exhibited a somewhat anxious change of heart. This was an altogether wholesome and refreshing spectacle. The President is bound by the Constitution to recommend legislation; but the force of his recommendations is, and ought to be, dependent upon their adequacy in expressing the popular will. This Message of Mr. Roosevelt's was a reminder to Congress that there was still much important legislation to be enacted—recompensing employees injured in the public service, regulating child labor in the District of Columbia, providing money for the Waterways Commission and the Inter-State Commerce Commission, providing for an investigation of tariff conditions and providing for temporary financial relief and for expert study in preparation for an effective and permanent financial law. In addition, the President emphasized two of

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the measures he had recommended: "the measure to do away with the abuse of the power of injunction and the measure or group of measures to strengthen and render both more efficient and more wise the control by the National Government over the great corporations doing an inter-State business." There are some men engaged in financial and commercial enterprises who are asking if the time has not arrived for "letting up" on this movement for the control of inter-State business. We have had anti-trust legislation and then railway regulation; is it not time, they ask, for a period of readjustment? There have been abuses, but corporations have learned their lesson. The answer is twofold, and the President gives it frankly. First, some of the present anti-trust legislation now on the statute-books is unjust. All combination is not bad; some of it is good and should be allowed. Second, corporations have not, all of them, learned their lesson. There are powerful concerns which are not only harmful but actually dishonest. This is a statement of fact, and to support that statement the President cites certain findings of the Finance Commission of Boston. That Commission, appointed to investigate conditions in the city, reports, in a communication to the Mayor and Council dated April 17, facts which show that many corporations are still offenders.

❀

Continuing Offenses

The Commission reports three sorts of combinations—those among boiler-makers, those among contractors for fire-proofing, and those among concerns engaged in the manufacture and supply of structural steel. The Commission gives the names of these concerns. In all cases the practice was about the same. Representatives of the bidders for some public work would assemble or communicate with one another. By common agreement one bidder would be designated to do the work at a certain price; a certain sum—or in some cases a certain proportion of the excessive profit—would be assigned to each of the bidders. Then the bids, so graded that the concern designated would be sure to be successful, were submitted as if made in good faith. Thus, in one case, a boiler-repair company made contracts with the city (by agreement with other companies) aggregating $2,600. On these it made a profit of $1,400, and out of this distributed to one company $300, to another $300, and to a third $200, entering on its books the total of $800, offsetting it by a false entry of "Merchandise." In some cases (as in the fireproofing contracts), in place of collusive bids, payment was made by one company to others for abstaining from competition. Even charities (a hospital and a home for crippled children) were not exempt from this mode of securing money. The offenses which were committed on the largest scale were those committed by the combinations in the structural steel trade. Careful arrangements were made to preserve the appearance of competition. A secret code was in use, and even false statements were signed denying all fraud, collusion, or connection with any other person bidding for the work. The Finance Commission report that this combination "included substantially all the local concerns and many of the largest corporations in the United States engaged in manufacturing or furnishing structural steel for use in any part of New England." So long as such practices exist and are made known, the country will have little patience with those who would cry halt to the movement for adequate control of great corporations. The President urges Congress to lodge in some Executive Department or in a Commission the power "to pass upon any combination or agreement in relation to inter-State commerce." There can be no doubt of the ultimate victory of the policies for which the President stands. Those who are attempting to obstruct them do not understand the temper of the people.

❀

The Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain

Following its ratification of arbitration treaties with France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, the United States Senate has now ratified an arbitration treaty with

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Great Britain. In 1897 it rejected the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. In 1905 it rejected the Hay-Durand Treaty. In 1908 it ratifies the Root-Bryce Treaty. It is said that the opposition of the Irish societies compassed the defeat of the first-named treaty. We know that Senatorial dignity, offended by the use of the word "agreement" in the text instead of "treaty," brought about the defeat of the second, the Senate holding that each specific case under a general treaty must be covered, not by an agreement, but by a treaty, which, under the Constitution, must be approved by that body. The treaty of 1908 is ratified because of concessions by both Executive and Senate. The text stipulates that the special agreements for arbitration are to be made by the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." And the Senate accepts the word "agreement," after all. Of course this feature equally distinguishes the treaties already ratified at this session with other countries. The distinguishing feature of the Anglo-American treaty, above all others, is the recognition by the British Government and approval by our own of a right to refer to any self-governing dominion of the British Empire, for its concurrence, a special agreement which may affect its interests in any manner. Colonial pride—particularly Canada's—should be gratified by this example of broad-minded, far-seeing statesmanship, the kind one naturally expects from such men as Mr. Bryce and Sir Edward Grey. It may be said that the treaties just ratified are not very obligatory, since they exclude subjects affecting the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the contracting states. A beginning, however, may very well be made in arbitrating "differences of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties." In this department of causes of possible friction there will be found plenty of material for arbitration. History shows that the more the nations arbitrate the broader becomes the scope of arbitration. In eight years the scope will not unlikely become wide indeed, and the policy will justify itself anew. This new treaty with England is a long step in the right direction, and may justly be regarded as a direct outcome of the Hague Conference.

❀

International Law

If any proof is needed of the active and widespread interest in the United States in the subject of international law, it is found in the remarkable development of the American Society of International Law, which has just held its second annual meeting in Washington. Starting with a small group of men, maintaining its discussions on the highest intellectual level, and making no efforts to secure popular following, the Society now numbers nine hundred members, among whom are the Chief Justice and other distinguished members of the Supreme Court, Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives, men eminent in the diplomatic service, as well as prominent lawyers and publicists in all parts of the country. Though the Society does not stand for any official interpretation of the international policy of the Government, and is wholly independent in criticism and discussion, it is gratifying and significant that prominent in the councils of the Society are members of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government, who do not think it inconsistent with any of their official and National duties to help shape the principles and practice of international law. Thus, the man who occupies the highest position in the Cabinet and is the highest exponent of our foreign policy, Secretary Root, is the President of the Society, and Mr. James B. Scott, Solicitor of the State Department, who rendered eminent service at the Hague Conference, is its Secretary. The Cabinet is further represented among the vice-presidents by Secretaries Taft and Straus, while Senator Cullom, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, and the Hon. John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader in the House, are members of the Council. Three ex-members of the Cabinet and several ex-Senators are also among the officers. These names, representing past and present official responsibility, are a guaranty that the Society will not be occupied merely with academic

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questions. On the other hand, the large representation of the law faculties of our universities in the Executive Council and membership is an assurance that the Society does not occupy itself merely with official precedents or questions of expediency, but insures broad discussions of ethical principles. On the ethical side, however, no pure idealist, not even Tolstoy himself, could have taken higher ground than did Secretary Root in his opening address on "The Sanctions of International Law." He showed that the lack of definiteness and authority in international law as compared with municipal law, and the lack of visible machinery for its enforcement, create difficulties more apparent than real. The most powerful agent in the maintenance of municipal law is not physical but moral force, and it is the same decent respect for the opinions of mankind, to which appeal was made in the Declaration of Independence, that is and will be the great force in influencing the conduct of nations. "There is no civilized country," said Secretary Root, "which is not sensitive to the influence of general public opinion. Nations dread the moral isolation created by adverse public opinion. It is always difficult to analyze the action of moral forces, but it remains true and is universally recognized that the nation which has with it the moral force of the world's approval is strong, and the nation that rests under the world's condemnation is weak." Secretary Root had also the satisfaction of announcing the progress made in our own country in the work of establishing a general system under which there may be impartial judgment upon the application of the rules of international law. Eleven of the conventions signed at The Hague have been approved by the Senate. Treaties of arbitration between the United States and England, and with France, Spain, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and Mexico, have been signed and ratified by the Senate. Another important event has been the assembling of representatives of the five Central American States, who have agreed, after long, temperate, and kindly discussion, upon a series of conventions ratified by their respective governments which will promote the reasonable and peaceable solution of difficulties based on judicial procedure. Two of the important topics taken up by the International Law Society are to be the subject of future study by special committees, namely, "Should the Violation of Treaties be Made a Federal Offense?" and "The Codification of International Law."

❀

The Fight Against Race-Track Gambling

Next week the New York Legislature will meet in extra session to consider, primarily, the bills aiming to abolish race-track gambling. These bills, at the regular session, passed the Assembly by an almost unanimous vote, but were defeated in the Senate on a vote of 25 to 25. What is the issue presented by these measures? In 1895 an amendment to the State Constitution was adopted which read as follows:

> Nor shall any lottery or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State; and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section.

In the same year the Legislature amended the Penal Code so as to make it a felony to engage in pool-selling or bookmaking, at any time or place, or to record bets or to keep or occupy any place or stand for such purpose. This provision would have operated to put an end to all gambling on horse races anywhere in the State, if a provision had not been added that this classification as a felony should not apply in any case where an exclusive penalty was provided in some other law. At the same time the so-called Percy-Gray Law was passed, which provided that the exclusive penalty for bookmaking and pool-selling on authorized race-tracks, provided no memorandum or token of the bet was delivered, should be the forfeiture of the amount wagered, to be recovered in a civil action. The action of the Legislature created an anomalous condition in the State. The man who manages a pool-room in New York City, for instance, and accepts wagers on the races to be run at Sheepshead Bay, is guilty of a

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felony, and may be punished by a fine of not more than $2,000, or by imprisonment in a State prison for not more than two years; while the man within the inclosure of a race-track, who does precisely the same act as his fellow-bookmaker in New York City, is liable to have the loser of a bet sue him and recover the amount of his wager, and he is liable to *no other penalty*. Gambling on horse races outside a race-track fence is a felony, for which a man may go to prison; identically the same kind of gambling on the same horse races within the charmed circle of the race-track fence is practically permitted under the protection of the law, for the penalty imposed is so inadequate that it is never invoked. The bills which were introduced, at the recommendation of Governor Hughes, place gambling in and out of the race-tracks on the same footing. They make bookmaking and pool-selling everywhere in the State a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for not more than one year.

❀

The Case for Gambling on Race-Tracks

The arguments in favor of the continuation of the existing state of affairs and the permitting of bookmaking within race-track inclosures are, as far as we apprehend them, as follows:

1. The Court of Appeals has decided that the Percy-Gray Law is Constitutional. It has declared that the Constitution has clothed the Legislature with the right to determine what laws are "appropriate" for carrying into effect the provision of the Constitution in regard to gambling; that the Percy-Gray Law is "in a sense appropriate to accomplish the purpose of that provision;" and that, "it being in a degree appropriate," there is no principle of Constitutional law which would authorize the Court to condemn it as invalid or unconstitutional. Since the Legislature, by passing laws which in its judgment are "appropriate" to prevent offenses against the provision of the Constitution quoted above, has complied with the Constitutional mandate, it has no duty now to reverse its action.

2. Gambling is an evil which cannot be entirely done away with. Men will gamble. Since we cannot abolish it, let us regulate it by confining it to race-tracks where conditions are healthful, and where the sport is carried on in an orderly, honest fashion. By so doing we will diminish the number of pool-rooms in the cities, for the Jockey Club does everything in its power to keep the news of the results of the races from the outside gambling establishments.

3. Without gambling the sport of horse-racing cannot be continued. Without horse-racing the breed of horses cannot so rapidly and so surely be improved.

In addition to these general arguments certain specific objections are made to the present bills:

4. To make bookmaking outside of race-tracks a misdemeanor where it is now a felony is to encourage the increase of pool-rooms.

5. To make the penalty for gambling imprisonment only, without the alternative of a fine, is too drastic. The offense is not such a serious one as to call for such a penalty.

6. The bills are unfair because they go into effect immediately on their passage. It is the usual custom for amendments to the Penal Code to become operative on September 1. Many contracts have been entered into for the present racing season in reliance upon the present law. It would entail great loss on owners of racing stables and would be practically confiscation to close the race-tracks before the season is over.

❀

The Case Against Race-Track Gambling

To these arguments, which are the strongest that have been offered, we would reply as follows:

1. There may be a wide difference between a law which does not violate the Constitution, and one which in good faith carries out a provision of the Constitution. The Court decided that it found no reason to declare the law unconstitutional, not that it found that the law sincerely complied with the Constitutional mandate. Since it found the law "in a degree appropriate," it was not called upon to pronounce on the question whether it was appropriate to

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the point of efficiency. The Legislature, under the clever guidance of astute lawyers, complied with the letter of the Constitution with the narrowest possible margin between their action and non-compliance. That it utterly failed to comply with the spirit of the Constitution is proved by the fact that the provision was inserted in the Constitution for the express purpose of making impossible the allowing of race-track gambling, which had been going on for seven years under the Ives Law, and by the fact that the Percy-Gray Law has not in the slightest degree incommoded gamblers in the practices which the framers of the Constitution sought to suppress.

2. Those who believe that gambling should be regulated have a right to their opinion, but when they suggest that the regulation be done under the pretense of prohibition, by a trick, an evasion of the intent of the fundamental law of the State, they ostracize themselves from the company of law-abiding men. The Percy-Gray Law is not a regulating act. It does not pretend to be. If it purported to regulate gambling by permitting it under certain conditions, it would be unconstitutional on its face. Let those who want to regulate gambling, and by so doing minimize its evils, try to secure an amendment to the Constitution to that end. If the abolition of race-track gambling increases the number of pool-rooms, so be it. It is better to have pool-rooms in violation of the law, than race-track gambling by legislative evasion and nullification of the Constitution.

3. If to improve the horse we must deteriorate men by making vice easy and pleasant for them, and must degrade our ideals of respect for law and the sovereign will of the people, let the horse go to destruction. The price is too high to pay.

4. Experience would indicate that to make bookmaking a misdemeanor will not encourage the increase of pool-rooms, but rather the contrary. With gambling a felony, juries will not convict. Laws without convictions under them are worse than none.

5. A penalty, to be adequate, must be heavy enough to act as a deterrent. The gambler does not fear a fine. He counts it in as an expense of his business, and goes on gambling.

6. The duty of carrying out the intent of the Constitution admits of no postponement. Contracts which depend for their profitable carrying out on the continuance of illegal practice (illegal even under the present law) have no right to consideration. As Governor Hughes has said, "Under what provision of the Constitution or the laws is there any vested right in maintaining gambling privileges? Are we to recognize vested rights in the profits of law-breaking?"

Stripped of the sophistries and side issues with which those who profit from the protection of race-track gambling seek to confuse the question, it is a very simple issue which confronts the State of New York. Are the people and their Constitution supreme in the State, or are the gamblers and their associates to defy them in maintaining their special privilege in vice?

❀

A Mistaken Measure

The New York Legislature has passed a bill which would permit the Public Service Commission to tie up a rapid transit line to a private corporation for fifty years. It is a measure honestly conceived as a remedy for what is fast becoming an intolerable condition in New York City. The municipality needs new subways; but the law as to a debt limit prevents its borrowing money to build them; and a popular referendum under the Rapid Transit Act had determined that subways should not be built by private capital. It was also contended that if the city should build a subway, no private interests could be found to operate it under the provisions of the law limiting a lease to twenty years, with a twenty-year renewal. There have been two remedies suggested: one is a change in the Constitution so as to allow a city to reckon an income-producing property (such as a subway) not a debt but an asset; the other is a change in the law permitting private capital to build subways and extending the period for operating

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leases, so as to invite private capital. The Legislature has acted on both of them; it has passed the amendment to the Constitution; but to make it effective another Legislature will have to pass it and a popular vote approve it; the Legislature has also passed the Robinson Bill, which can become law only after receiving both the Mayor's and the Governor's approval. The amendment is a wise one. The Outlook has long urged it. The bill we believe, except for one of its provisions, to be an unwise one. The extension of the term of the operating lease to thirty-five years will attract capital while at the same time binding the hands of the city for only one generation. The provisions permitting subways to be built with private capital we deem ill-advised, for the city ought to own its rapid transit lines from the beginning. When, too, the bill permits a franchise for fifty years to be granted to a private corporation building a subway, it makes the period much too long. No generation ought to tie the hands of a succeeding generation. In Wisconsin the attitude toward franchises has undergone a great change. According to the law of that State, a franchise is not a piece of property which can be either valued or taxed; it is a license which no more increases the capital value of the concern which holds it than a hack license affects the price of the cab for which it is issued. On the other hand, the franchise is not granted for a term of years. It is indeterminate. It is revocable, but it may be indefinite. The State, however, can revoke it only by agreeing to pay to the possessor the physical valuation of the plant which is operated under the franchise. Thus a public utility company cannot increase its capitalization by the simple means of raising its rates and therefore raising the value of the franchise, for the franchise cannot be capitalized; on the other hand, it is insured against losing the value of its plant because the State is bound to reimburse it for its plant if it ceases through loss of its franchise to be able to use the plant. Under this plan one generation cannot tie up the succeeding generation. The consistency and logicalness of the Wisconsin plan (whatever may be its practicability) is in the strongest contrast to the endless experimentation, reversals, and legal blind alleys which have characterized the practice in the State of New York. It is not always the theoretically formed plan that embodies the best theory; often the truth is arrived at by a series of contradictions. Nevertheless, we believe that New York has allowed itself to experiment too wildly; it has run to extremes. In spite of some very good features, we believe the Robinson Bill is a swing of the pendulum much too far backward.

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The Scandinavian-American Educational Exchange

The interchanges of professors between America and Germany and America and France have now been followed, we are glad to say, by the beginning of an exchange between America and Scandinavia. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, has just returned to this country after lecturing at the Universities of Copenhagen and Christiania. Introduced to crowded audiences by the rectors of these universities, Dr. MacCracken lectured on "American Ideals" and "Aims in the Twentieth Century." These lectures owed their inception largely to the Copenhagen Politiken, a newspaper of influence, which last autumn published interviews favorable to a proposed interchange with professors of the university of that capital. This aroused equal interest here. The Dansk-Amerikansk Selskab (Danish-American Association) took up the matter and appointed a committee which raised the necessary funds. The whole expense was borne by American Danes as a gift to their native land. Among them are Professor Lorentzen, of New York University, Chairman of the Committee; Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the well-known writer and lecturer; Mr. H. L. Hertz, United States Internal Revenue Collector at Chicago, and Mr. Ivar Kirkegaard, the editor of the Danish Norden, published at Racine, Wisconsin. The presidents of the two universities in New York City expressed sympathy with the movement and promised to lecture in Copenhagen. In September President

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Butler will follow Dr. MacCracken. Dr. Warming, rector of the University of Copenhagen, has justly characterized this professorial exchange as worthy "of admiration and gratitude from our whole land." The names of the Scandinavians who are to return the visits of Presidents MacCracken and Butler are not yet announced. Americans who two years ago at St. Louis listened to the fluent English of Professor Otto Jespersen, who holds the chair of English Literature at the University of Copenhagen, will hope that he may be one. Another interesting appointment would be that of Dr. Harald Höffding, Professor of Philosophy at the same institution, and, since the University of Christiania has also enjoyed Chancellor MacCracken's lectures, of Dr. Brögge, its rector, who has already visited America. The commendation of Drs. Warming and Brögge has now been followed by that of the rector of the University of Lund in Sweden. Thus, with Denmark, Norway, and Sweden officially enlisted in this international interchange of professors, there remains only Finland, with its influential University of Helsingfors, to complete the list of Scandinavian countries. But Finland is under Russian sovereignty. Would the Russian authorities permit the interchange? It is to be hoped so. It would benefit not only all Scandinavia; it would reach across a racial barrier. It would inevitably affect Slav civilization, and for good.

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A Roman Catholic Centenary

Arriving in New York last week, a visitor to the city found the streets vibrating with the National colors. From the windows of buildings on cross streets and avenues, from tenements and from houses of the well-to-do and the rich, fluttered a profusion of American flags. He pondered over the date; no, this was not a day set apart as a National holiday; he thought over the recent public events; but there was no victory to celebrate, no foreign potentate to welcome. Then he remembered that this was the week set apart for celebrating the foundation of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York a hundred years ago. Sure enough, there among the mass of red, white, and blue were to be seen occasional flags of the papal colors, gold and white, bearing the emblems of the keys and the tiara. In some quarters the Irish flag of green, bearing the harp of Erin, added another color. Everywhere, however, the American flag overwhelmingly predominated. Perhaps in this sight could be found the most significant as well as the most conspicuous factor in this religious celebration—the expression of patriotism. There is only one place, according to American principles, for the union of State and Church, and that is in the hearts of the people. This celebration seems to indicate that the American spirit has fostered that union. Between the two lofty spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral had been strung a wire, and from that hung a huge American flag. Even in a department store conducted, not by Catholics, not even by Christians, but by a concern that is Hebrew from owner to cash-boy, the event was recognized by a lavish display of bunting. It was business, of course; but it was a genuine fellow-feeling too. Cardinal Gibbons voiced the feeling that was silently uttered by the flags when he said at the Catholic Club:

> Whatever progress the Catholic Church has made here, it owes a debt of gratitude to this country for it. We owe it to this country, because here we have what no European country can boast of—freedom of speech, freedom to practice our religious belief.

And Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, spoke of the converse side of this in declaring:

> I have said it before and I repeat it, the future of the Catholic Church remains with America.

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The Growth of a Diocese

The event which ceremonies at the Cathedral, processions, banquets, and speeches celebrated was the hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the first Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. A bishop has been described as a prince of the Church. A diocese may, therefore, be called a bishop's principality. In the earliest days, before there was any American diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, the few Roman

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Catholics here were included in the See of Seville. Then dioceses were established in San Domingo, Cuba, and Mexico. In many of the early settlements, in consequence of religious struggles in Europe, Roman Catholicism was not tolerated. As late as 1693 there were in the city of New York, according to the census, only nine Roman Catholics, all of whose names have been preserved. Later there were penal laws enacted against Roman Catholic priests. The loyalty of Roman Catholics in the Revolutionary War, however, brought about a revulsion in public feeling. From the time of its establishment in 1790 the diocese of Maryland (a Roman Catholic settlement) included New York till 1808. Then the diocese of New York (comprising the whole State and part of New Jersey) was created. In 1851 the bishop of New York was made archbishop. The archbishop, or metropolitan, besides exercising authority over his own diocese, which by virtue of his office is called an archdiocese, also presides over a number of other bishops, each with a diocese of his own, and all within a definitely circumscribed province. It thus happens that while the archbishop of New York exercises a jurisdiction over a considerable province, his archdiocese is actually much smaller in territory than it was as a diocese; for other dioceses have been set off from it. The archdiocese of New York now includes only three boroughs of the city, seven neighboring counties outside, and, as an interesting survival of older days, a slice of the British Empire—the Bahama Islands. Contracted as the diocese has become, it contains nevertheless to-day more than a million Roman Catholics.

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Dr. Morgan Dix

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who died in the city of New York last week, had been rector of Trinity Parish for forty-five years, was in his eighty-first year, and preached in the pulpit of the historic church on Easter Sunday morning with his usual directness and vigor. The parish, in point of work and endowment, is first among the parishes of the country; and, so far as resources are concerned, is more important than a number of dioceses. Churches, schools, hospitals, organizations of many kinds, are under the direction of the rector of Trinity Church. This great group of activities Dr. Dix carried on for almost half a century with conspicuous fidelity, energy, and vigor. He was a priest, but he was first and foremost a soldier. The son of Governor John A. Dix, whose phrase, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," uttered when he was Secretary of the Treasury, will be one of the memorable watchwords of the country for many generations to come, Dr. Dix was graduated from Columbia College in New York, began the study of law, exchanged it for the ministry, entered the General Theological Seminary in the metropolis. After some pastorate work he spent a year and a half in travel and study abroad, returned to New York to accept the position of assistant minister of Trinity Parish, and became its rector in 1862. He had the carriage and manner of a soldier, and a soldier's courage and spirit; he was a fine representative of the Church Militant, with a quiet but firm faith in the Church Triumphant. His pastorate represented concentration rather than diffusion of interest. He was first, foremost, and always a priest, concerned primarily with the moral condition of the community and its spiritual needs. His voice rang with conviction; he was outspoken to an unusual degree; he never compromised with public opinion; he set his face like a flint against the corruption of the time; more than once he denounced the vices of fashionable society with a frankness and directness that made a deep impression. At a time when many pulpits were silent, Dr. Dix strongly advocated the righteousness of the war with Spain and the policy which led to the occupation of the Philippines. A year ago, when the International Arbitration and Peace Conference, which brought together delegates from all parts of the world, was held in New York, Dr. Dix, preaching at a service of the Loyal Legion, declared that "the ancient, honorable, and necessary art of war" had played a great part in the history of the world, and affirmed

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the dignity of the military profession and the necessity of adequate army and naval forces. These two instances illustrate the independence of a man who followed his convictions without hesitation, whether they coincided with popular feeling or ran directly against it. Dr. Dix was a strong Churchman, of great influence in the councils of the Episcopal Church, a vigorous preacher, an able administrator, and a high-minded and conscientious man.

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The Red Cross and the Christmas Stamp

The New York branch of the American National Red Cross held a noteworthy meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria last week. It was a large and brilliant assemblage, and Secretary Taft, the National President of the Red Cross, made several important announcements in his speech, which was the feature of the afternoon. One of these concerned the Christmas Stamp, which, as readers of The Outlook will remember, was introduced into America by the Delaware Red Cross last Christmas, following the suggestions of an article by Jacob Riis in The Outlook in July. The Christmas Stamp, as an adjunct in the National fight against tuberculosis, has now been taken up by the National Red Cross. It will be issued officially by the Red Cross in the autumn, and Howard Pyle has promised to design it. It does not carry mail, but is meant to be placed on Christmas packages and letters, and combines the two uses of bearing a Christmas greeting and helping along the campaign against tuberculosis, since in each State all proceeds from its sale are to go toward stamping out the White Plague in that State. It has thus great possibilities, and the National Red Cross is to be congratulated upon having taken it up. Another important step in the development of Red Cross work is the gift of five thousand dollars for this year from the Sage Foundation, for the purpose of permanently connecting, as far as possible, the activity of the Red Cross with all agencies now existing for emergency or relief work of any kind. Only those who confronted the situation at San Francisco know the full value of such interconnection. Through it, and only through it, can the Red Cross call out in any great crisis the auxiliary forces that it needs and that are vitally related to it. The splendid services of Dr. Devine were an earnest of what this movement means. This Sage Foundation gift will be felt throughout the Nation in future emergencies. The formation of relief columns for the training of Red Cross workers was also spoken of by Secretary Taft. The American Red Cross is, in numbers and organization, far behind Germany and Japan as yet, and needs steady development and training in peace activities between those crises when its full strength is suddenly called upon. The New York branch is the foremost in America in its peace activities, and this meeting gave promise of renewed effort and augmented membership—two hundred new members being enrolled on the spot.

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Expedition and Thoroughness in the Courts

In a speech last week Tuesday delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Civic Forum, Secretary Taft reverted to the serious burden laid upon this country by the law's delay. "If one were to be asked," said Mr. Taft, "in what respect we had fallen furthest short of ideal conditions in our whole government, I think he would be justified in answering, in spite of the failure that we have made in municipal government, that the greatest reform which could be effected would be expedition and thoroughness in the enforcement of public and private right in our courts." That is an emphatic statement. It comes from a man who has held next to the highest position a judge can hold in this country and who has had direct experience with almost all kinds of public problems. It is worth re-reading. Mr. Taft first considered the evil itself, then discussed its causes, and finally indicated its results. Is the evil of the law's delay a real one? Mr. Taft replies that the delay is so great that "the whole judicial branch of the gov-

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ernment fails in a marked way to accomplish certain of the purposes for which it was created." Every delay adds to the cost of litigation, and thus makes the cost of justice to the poor greater than it is to the rich. The law's delay is not only thus an evil for the State as a whole, but an evil to the individual. The causes of this evil the Secretary of War marshals in order. For the first which he mentions, slowness of judges in writing their opinions, Mr. Taft suggests the remedy adopted in the Philippines—refusing a judge his monthly stipend until he files his certificate that he has disposed of all business submitted to him within the preceding sixty days. The other causes he mentions are: the disposition of judges and advocates to regard litigants as made for the courts and lawyers, and not the courts and lawyers as made for litigants; the "happy-go-lucky character of the American people," absorbed in business; the tendency, more pronounced in the Western and newer States than in the East, to reduce the power of the judge and deprive him of the power to expedite justice by commenting on the facts; the difficulty (created by allowing to defendant's counsel great liberty in challenging) of obtaining for the jury-box men of force and character (and for this tendency Mr. Taft holds the members of the bar responsible); the right of appeal on refined, technical points. For this last cause Mr. Taft repeats the remedy which he and others have urged—the adoption of a rule prohibiting the reversal of the judgment of a trial court except for an error of which the court, after reading the entire record, can affirmatively say that its correction or omission would have led to a different verdict and judgment. The results of the present lax and cumbrous method of administering justice, as Mr. Taft mentions them, are, first, a growth in the number of crimes of violence, indicated by the increase in murders from 1,808 in 1885 to 8,482 in 1904, with a practically stationary number of executions; second, the escape of those violators of laws against discriminations in trade and against injurious combinations who, because of their great wealth, have been able to take advantage of the technicalities and delays of the law. Over-tenderness to the individual has thus resulted in great injustice to the public. What Mr. Taft has said in this speech is not new; on this subject there is nothing new to be said. It is the reiteration of the familiar facts that seems necessary now in order to secure the needed reform. "Expedition and thoroughness in the enforcement of public and private right" are words that need to be dinned into the ears of the American people; these are the words that embody an ideal of which our judges, our lawyers, and our legislators need continually to be reminded.

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Greeting the Fleet

California's greeting to the American battle-ship fleet has been marked by the fervor and abounding hospitality characteristic of the people of the Golden State. San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara vied with one another in the courtesies, entertainments, and feastings provided for officers and men. In common phrase, California's latchstring is out, and wherever Uncle Sam's big battle-ships go along the coast they are assured in advance of a hearty greeting and a lavish hospitality which seems to know no bounds. Perhaps, so far, Los Angeles carries off the honors in the extent and bountifulness of its welcome and the gracefulness of its courtesies; but Santa Barbara is a close second. At the latter city the crowning feature and most romantic episode was the Dance of Flowers for the officers and men of the fleet. The dance was held at the beautiful Plaza Del Mar. The dance had been preceded by a flower parade such as only a California city at this season of the year could show; but the flower dance in the evening, in a canopied pavilion, with the sound of the surf of the Pacific mingling with the music of the orchestra, was a fitting climax of the southern city's greeting to the fleet. The invitations had been limited to something over a thousand, and the seats were arranged in circus fashion, giving every one an opportunity to see the brilliant scene. The dancers, in couples dressed to represent in turn white lilies, narcissus, daffodils, tulips, California

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poppies, and other indigenous flowers, running the chromatic scale in colors, performed the various numbers of the dance. The effect was enhanced by arranging the flower-clad dancers also according to the awakening order of spring, closing with the narcissus, the dance of the roses, and a final Spanish dance attended by all the months and their floral representatives. The next morning the fleet promptly got under way at six o'clock for Monterey, San Francisco, and Seattle, where similar welcomes await it. The only regrettable feature of the fleet's visit to Santa Barbara arose out of the unpatriotic greed of some restaurant and hotel keepers. Stories of sailors having been charged twelve dollars a day for a room, three dollars for a fifty-cent meal, and from fifty cents to a dollar for a bottle of beer seem only too well authenticated. Unfortunately, also, the sailors in one instance partly wrecked a restaurant where they had been overcharged. So far, we believe this is the only act that has discredited the conduct of the sailors of the fleet, and, without extenuating the lawlessness of their act, it must be admitted, if reports are true, that the provocation which led to it was great.

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A Significant Choice

The election of Lord Rayleigh as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Devonshire, is a very significant event in the higher education of England. Sixty years ago, at the sister University of Oxford, when Dr. Acland, who subsequently became one of the foremost figures at the University, began to deliver lectures on anatomy to small audiences, the University owned a cast of a skeleton and a few objects in wax, and dissections were sometimes made when the gallows furnished the subject. It was pioneer work. One prominent Oxford teacher, who happened one day in the small laboratory, examined through a microscope a morphological preparation, which was explained to him by one of his younger colleagues, and said that he did not believe in it, and that if were true he did not believe God meant us to know it. When it was proposed to build a museum, there was bitter opposition, the classical people declaring that science was intruding upon their proper territory, the economists that the enterprise was too expensive, and the theologians declaring with uplifted hands that nothing but heresy and schism could come of it. Dr. Pusey had already expressed the conviction that "when God made the stones, he made the fossils in them." It is easy to imagine the consternation with which these worthies would have listened to a prophecy that the time was not far distant when a great scientist would be elected Chancellor of the sister University. By this time their eyes have been opened and they have ceased to be afraid. Lord Rayleigh is probably the most eminent alumnus of Cambridge in the field of physical science. He rendered distinct service to his Alma Mater as Professor of Experimental Physics, succeeded Professor Tyndall in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, has been President of the Royal Society, the Nobel prize for physics has been awarded to him, and he has been decorated by the King. More important than all is his position as the discoverer of argon. The selection of this eminent scientist does not mean the abandonment of the classical traditions of the University, a lowering of educational standards, or an attempt to make education purely a matter of bread and butter earning. It means that science is placed on an equality with the older branches of learning, and that a great scientist now ranks with a great classical scholar. Lord Rayleigh is likely to be a working rather than a purely honorary Chancellor; and his selection is in the normal line of choice. Most of his predecessors have been men of distinguished position outside the field of university work. The Duke of Devonshire was a statesman. His father, whom he succeeded, although a scholar, was chosen rather for his high rank. The Prince Consort and great noblemen who have filled the position, most of them worthily, were selected because of their eminence in the world outside the gates of the University. But Lord Rayleigh, a servant of humanity as a scientist, is a Cambridge man and is largely

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chosen to the chancellorship because of his distinction as a scholar.

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Mother Goose Again

The newspapers report that a good woman in Massachusetts, desirous of advancing the interests of the race, proposes to undertake a campaign for the abolition of "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland," and other stories of a similar kind. She declares that these stories are lies, and ought not to be tolerated. The same periodicity which rules in all things brings around at intervals some literal-minded person who is apparently utterly unable to understand how children are made, what the needs of the human soul are, and the difference between falsehood and fiction. This good woman, with the best heart in the world, proposes to close the windows through which children look out on the imaginary world. It would really be as rational to abolish play because it is not work as to abolish fiction because it is not fact. If there ever was a time in the history of this country when the creative faculty needed culture, it is surely to-day. It would be the greatest blessing if a group of creative men and women would appear at this time, dealing, not with facts as they appear to the literal-minded, but as they stand in the order revealed by the imagination. When Mr. Gradgrind appears, from time to time, the worst of him is not that he is deadly uninteresting, but that he makes men unhappy by closing the windows and suffocating them; and the worst thing about Coketown is that there is no place for children in it. Everybody is dealing with facts from morning until night, the air is black over the town, there are no stars with those wonderful stories which make them dear to the young imagination, there are no adventures of the spirit; there is nothing but hard toil by hard hands directed by hard brains. "Mother Goose" stands for a great principle, a great faculty, a great service, and a great need. She is a symbol of the life of the imagination. Any attempt to abolish her is as futile as the historic effort of the good lady of the strong will and the tireless broom who proposed to keep out the Atlantic.

Mr. Bryan

Whatever differences of opinion there may be regarding Mr. Bryan's political philosophy and conduct, all reasonable men must unite in regarding him as one of the most extraordinary and interesting figures in American political history. He is a human phenomenon whom only the unintelligent can brush aside with contemptuous allusions to his alleged loose thinking, demagoguery, and persistent office-seeking. Next to President Roosevelt, he is unquestionably the most widely known living American. The position which he has attained as a public personage, both at home and abroad, has been gained not merely without the prestige of public office, but in the face of the two most disastrous political defeats in American history. In his tour round the world he was both regarded and respectfully treated, not as a private citizen, but as, in a certain sense, a representative American. No officer of the Government except President Roosevelt, probably not even Secretary Taft or Secretary Root, could have received greater demonstrations of popular interest. And yet he has been twice defeated as a candidate for the highest office in the land, and excellent judges in his own party assert that if nominated he will again be defeated in the coming election. The only public office which he has succeeded in obtaining was that of Representative in Congress from Nebraska for the four years preceding his first nomination for the Presidency, and during that four years he was twice unsuccessful as a nominee for United States Senator in his own State. In spite of this record of nearly fifteen years of failure to obtain political office, there is not a hamlet or a cross-road country store in the United States where his name is not discussed to-day as the probable candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency.

Mr. Bryan is an unsuccessful politician if office means success; he is a commonplace author when judged by the best literary standards; he is not a great executive in industry or finance; and although a lawyer, he does not try great cases nor is he regarded as one of the

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masters of his profession by his colleagues at the American Bar. How, then, are his undeniable prominence and personal influence to be explained?

In our judgment, Mr. Harger, whose study of Mr. Bryan appears on another page, has found the correct solution of this question. Mr. Bryan is a moral teacher and preacher. A man of personal integrity, trained from his early youth to a firm belief in the simple fundamental principles of a practical religion, he has been preaching to his fellow-citizens with the power of a stirring eloquence the doctrine of faith in God and justice and good will to men. In fact, his power as a preacher is the real explanation of his failure as candidate for office. The great preacher is rarely a great executive; it is his function to inspire others to do the real, often monotonous, and always persistent work of administration. Few great preachers have been bishops of the Church. No considerable body of men would have thought of selecting Henry Ward Beecher or Charles H. Spurgeon, St. Francis Xavier or Savonarola, for the great administrative positions of the Church. Moses was an executive, not a preacher; Elijah was a preacher, not an executive.

It is a good thing for the country to have a man who can gather great audiences and hold them in close attention for two hours at a time while he speaks to them upon the moral and ethical duties of the citizen. Not many preachers of the Church have this power. A half-hour is about as long as the average congregation is willing to listen to the average minister speak upon the text "Thou shalt not steal," and yet at a recent address in Carnegie Hall in this city Mr. Bryan spoke upon that text to an audience of two thousand people, composed largely of men and women who were naturally opposed to him politically, and held the rapt attention of this great audience for one hour and three-quarters. Even at the close of this long sermon his auditors did not leave the hall, but waited to hear Mr. Bryan extemporaneously answer questions suggested by his address. We doubt if any man left the hall that night without feeling that political robbery, financial juggling, and the perpetration of injustice or the denial of justice in the name of the law are mean and contemptible.

For the work of this kind which Mr. Bryan has done in behalf of practical morals, the country owes him genuine appreciation and gratitude. But this appreciation does not need to take, and in our judgment will not take, the form of placing him in public office, for which he is fitted neither by his temperament, which is oratorical, nor by his executive experience, which is extremely limited. This appears, too, to be the judgment of a large majority of the American people, and this is why they persist in refusing to choose him as the Manager-in-Chief of their political affairs while they continue to honor him and listen to him as an eloquent preacher.

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The Roman Catholic Church in America

In April, 1808, the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York was organized. On another page is recorded how, with words and with emblems, the Roman Catholic Church, in celebrating the centenary last week, testified to its appreciation of American principles and its loyalty to the American Republic.

It is but a little over half a century since the Native American movement swept over large portions of the United States with its specious motto, "America for Americans." It was anti-foreigner and anti-Roman Catholic. Since then we have learned that there is in America no more patriotic American than the foreigner who has adopted it as his country because of its principles, and whose patriotism is deepened by his gratitude for the opportunity it has offered to him and to his children. And we have learned that the Roman Catholic is even more an American Catholic, and finds in his Catholicism no hindrance to his Americanism. It is true that the Pope is a foreign Prince, and that the loyal Roman Catholic owes supreme allegiance to that foreign Prince in all matters of faith; and true that between this supreme allegiance to the Pope and supreme allegiance to the

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American Republic there is a theoretical conflict. But it is also true that it never has been and is not likely to be more than a theoretical conflict. In Italy, where the Quirinal and the Vatican are not on speaking terms, it is sometimes difficult to reconcile patriotism and piety; but not in America, where the Church enforces the duty of patriotism upon all its members and the State approves equally all forms of piety. If the Puritan reminds the Roman Catholic that his Church was disloyal to the English Government in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Roman Catholic may remind the Puritan that his churches were equally disloyal to the English Government in the reign of Charles the First. And the reason was the same in both cases: the State demanded of its citizens that in their faith and worship they should be disloyal to their own consciences. If the Church has learned something since the seventeenth century, the State has learned even more. In America piety and patriotism are not enemies, but friends and allies. What the American flag flying from the spires of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York City proclaimed to every passer-by Dr. Newman Smyth has well interpreted in his volume on "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism:"

> In this land the fierce strife between Papist and Puritan is to be remembered only to be forgotten with thanksgiving. Rome is no longer in this country a dreaded menace to civil liberty. Democracy has so far entered into the heritage of American Catholicism that here in a free State our swords are beaten into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks. Too much blood of Roman Catholic descent has been shed on the battle-fields of our American Union, and too many priests of the Roman Catholic faith have been seen ministering to the suffering and dying amid the strife by which government of the people by the people has been made the perpetual covenant of this Nation with all its citizens; too firmly established in the will of the people are the law and liberty of this country, for us to take alarm at any specter of priestly domination, or to invoke the spirits of our ancestors to fill our ears with their woes against the modern Babylon. Other civil and social dangers lie before us in the near future; but they are anarchic perils alike for the Roman Catholics and for us.

The Outlook may be not improperly termed a Protestant journal, or, if the word Protestant appears to be polemical, a Modernist journal. We do not believe that Jesus Christ framed an ecclesiastical organization and made it the duty of all loyal disciples to enter it; or that he directed the Apostles to appoint their successors in office; or that he gave to them the power of the keys of the New Jerusalem that they might open or close its gates at will; or that his disciples are to go back to the tenth century or the first century to get a creed that is the maximum or the irreducible minimum of their permissible beliefs. We hold that Jesus Christ came to give life to his disciples; that he left his disciples in the possession of that life to form their own institutions and frame their own creeds; that the authority in the Church depends not upon the office held but upon the degree of spiritual power possessed; that the power of the keys is given to every disciple that he may have in full the freedom of the city; and that the disciples in the twentieth century are better able to frame a rational creed, if creed be wanted, than were the disciples of the tenth century or of the first. We do not even believe that uniformity of creed is desirable. Truth is a great mosaic to which each generation of Christian disciples and each group of Christians in each generation is to make its separate contribution.

But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organization, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control; and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the

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community. Standing as it does on the authority of the individual conscience and the direct relation of every man with God, which is the essence of Protestantism, The Outlook congratulates America upon the evidences of spiritual prosperity in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and it gratefully appreciates the service which that Church is rendering to the community by inculcating the spirit of reverence for law and lawful authority which is the foundation of civil and religious liberty.

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Having Fun with Your Mind

It is sad or amusing, according to one's point of view, to see hosts of people running away from their minds as from a taskmaster or a disagreeable monitor. Many men and women seem to think that getting away from their thoughts is the only way of having fun. Now, fun is as much a part of life as work, and much more beneficent and useful than worry. If it be true that real humor is always the play of a serious nature, it is equally true that fun is the special need of those who "toil terribly," and that to get away from the concentration and confinement of serious effort is a duty of the first importance.

But many well-meaning people show great ignorance of the sources of fun and go too far afield for it. They are like those writers and painters who go abroad for local color; the fact being, of course, that local color is very much a matter of the eye, and that he who cannot find it from his front door is not likely to find it at the ends of the earth. It is wise to go to the golf field regularly and often; it is a fountain of youth for the middle-aged and elderly who do not fall victims to the mania which seizes the devotees of the game and makes them blind to all human need and deaf to all human calls. It is well to read "Fisherman's Luck" often, and try it whenever the chance comes, and especially about this time of the year, when the sap runs free and the birds sing to the imagination not only familiar songs but those "ditties of no tune" which are musical with memories of other seasons. It is well to get out of doors and stay out of doors; that way health lies, and freedom from depression and from the temptation to think that the world is getting evil and the country going to the dogs; that way, too, lies the opportunity of knowing your doctor as a friend instead of a physician; and there are no more interesting and delightful men than doctors when they get away from your symptoms and you get away from their medicines.

In all these and other ways men escape from the pressure of work wisely and well, and take their minds with them; but there are many who run away, not from their work, but from their minds. They rush about the country in motors, and are the slaves of speed because sensation is the only form in which pleasure comes to them, and they must go a hundred miles from home at the risk of their necks to find it. One of the secrets of life is to have a great fund of fun at home, and, instead of running away from your mind, making it your most delightful companion. A man makes a friend of his mind precisely as he makes a friend of another man—by cultivating it. And as he has to spend far more time with it than with any other friend, it is well worth putting a good deal of energy and work into cultivating it. Think of the dullness of living one's whole life with an empty mind; of always being obliged to go out of doors for any kind of pleasure! "My mind to me a kingdom is," wrote an English poet. But there are many people whose minds, as the result of neglect, have the dimensions and interest of back yards.

An editorial in The Outlook on "Reading in Idleness" recently brought a letter from a valued contributor to The Outlook who is one of the busiest of men, but who learned early how to get fun from his mind. His record of a day's fun may open the eyes of some young man or woman eager to drink the cup of life to the bottom:

> Somehow the editorial "Reading in Idleness," which I read Saturday night, impressed me very much. I determined to make my Sunday a day of rest and recreation.

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So I read Plato, a part of the second book of the Republic, in the morning, reading it in Greek just for the great fun of it. Then I went to St. George's Church and sang in the choir; then dinner, and a nap for an hour and a quarter without even the shadow of a dream. The editorial suggested Xenophon's Symposium, so I read that, or most of it, in the afternoon. Then, after supper and writing four letters, I played on the organ half an hour, harmonized a melody, and finished the day by reading aloud in Greek the whole book of Galatians, reading it aloud in order to give more effect to Paul's rebuke of the dissembling Peter and the Judaizing Christians. Then I went to bed shortly after eleven, after a day of glorious rest.

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The Spectator

The other day the Spectator went to see the Pope. Many people have done the same thing, in the same way, and with similar sensations, and they will probably not be greatly interested in reading these paragraphs. But among The Outlook's readers there are many who have not seen either the present or any former Pope, and to them the simple story may not seem entirely unreadable, while the great Roman Catholic celebration in New York last week, described on another page, may add a special interest to this companion picture from Rome. On arriving, with a friend, in the Eternal City, letters of introduction from high American ecclesiastics were mailed to the head of the American College, and so prompt was the response that it came the very next morning in a telephone summons from Monsignor Kennedy himself, who asked us to call at once and arrange for the audience. This eminent ecclesiastic the Spectator found to be a busy, vigorous gentleman, cordial in manner, terse of speech, and evidently looking after the many calls upon his time and patience with the efficiency and promptness that might more naturally be looked for in a New York bank than in the leisurely atmosphere of the Vatican and its environs. We found ourselves instructed to appear the next morning at ten o'clock, wearing evening dress, and provided with any rosary or crucifix which we desired His Holiness to bless, to join half a dozen other Americans who had also secured the envied opportunity—not of a private audience, but of what might perhaps be called a special audience.

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It was the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, and the rain was falling dismally as our carriage crossed the Tiber in front of the magnificent new building which is to be the equivalent of an American court-house, threaded its way through the narrow streets of old Rome, and drew up at the entrance of the Vatican, with the stately colonnade of St. Peter's and the great church itself before us. The Papal Guard which stands day and night to emphasize the dignity of the Sovereign Pontiff, or to defend him from his enemies, or to serve as the sign and symbol of that temporal power which is now of the past, lowered its lances at the presentation of our cards, and we were for the first time within the gates of the most famous and perhaps the most impressive religious house in the world. Three long flights of marble steps led to the anteroom, where a dozen red-robed servants received hats and outer wraps, and ushered us softly if rather severely into the audience chamber. This was an apartment a hundred feet long by forty feet in width, with the Papal Throne on a platform at one end, an impressive marble crucifix at the other, and a single bench running around three sides of the room. This bench was soon filled with people—perhaps a hundred and fifty in all. They were of various nationalities. Half a dozen only, as far as one might judge, were Americans. A larger number were English, with an air of taking all things that might happen as a matter of course. There were a dozen nuns—Italian, as far as we could judge—and a score of priests in various garb. French, German, and Italian made up the majority. All were well dressed, the men, as instructed, in the garments that many of them had never before worn in broad daylight, and consequently feeling a little awkward in the expanse of white shirt and the unaccustomed glory of lawn ties. A few of the ladies had accepted the instructions literally and wore pronounced evening gowns, but most of them had compromised on plain black, with enough

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lace and jewels to suggest the array of evening.

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There was a good hour to wait before twelve o'clock, when the audience would occur, and the low buzz of polyglot conversation was partly serious, partly curious, and occasionally, it appeared, a little frivolous. But the decorations of the room, which were well worth examination, and the novelty of the situation kept our own party so occupied that the time of waiting quickly passed. At the stroke of twelve there was a slight stir at the great doorway, and all rose and then knelt as the papal procession entered the room. First came an official whom the Spectator believes to have been a Chamberlain carrying a gilded mace; then two officers of the Papal Guard in resplendent uniforms; then a white-robed man of medium height, substantial figure, and benignant face—His Holiness Pope Pius Tenth. Following him was a dark-faced ecclesiastic in a rich red robe, who was by most of us supposed to be either Cardinal Rampolla or Cardinal Merry del Val. Later we learned that none of the cardinals participate in this ceremony, and that the scarlet-robed priest was a less important member of the Papal staff. The people rose from their knees after the little procession had entered the room, and a score of them opposite the platform again knelt. The Pope passed slowly along the line, extending his hand to each kneeling person, and each took the hand and kissed the historic ring which each Pope wears upon the third finger of his right hand. Occasionally a few words were spoken by the Pontiff, but for the most part it was a silent ceremony, a group of twenty kneeling as he approached and a similar group resuming their seats as he passed.

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As the Pope came near our little group of Americans, only one of whom was of the Roman faith, we knelt before him, and when his hand was extended the Spectator touched it lightly, brushed the ring with his lips, extended for a blessing the half-dozen rosaries which had been secured for Catholic friends in America, waited a moment for his companions to give the salutation, and then again took his place on the bench. It was the first time in his life that the Spectator had knelt before a human being, and there was a sense of incongruity in it that perhaps was the fruit of protest uttered centuries before by his Puritan ancestors as they left the land of church rule for the land of freedom. But there was also a sense of solemnity in participating reverently in a ceremony which has quickened the spiritual vision of uncounted thousands from the days when Christianity was young and the time of Pilgrim protest was far in the future. The Pope himself, mere man as he is to our Protestant consciousness, stands for a mighty agency for good, and is in very truth to millions of people the vicegerent of God. The stately room in the Vatican was a place of profound religious significance, and the ceremony one of the experiences to live always in memory, not because the Spectator had knelt before the chosen head of a great Church, in compliance with ancient custom, but because he thus caught a fleeting but actual glimpse of the mighty influence on human history and individual lives which has been and is being exerted by the tremendous organization which we in America know as the Roman Catholic Church.

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After completing his tour of the room and receiving the salutation of all, the Pope stepped in front of the Throne, raised his hand, and gave the Papal benediction in resonant Latin, the words of which it is safe to say not one in ten of those present could understand, but the spirit and solemnity of which no one could fail to be conscious. After the little procession had left the room the company dissolved into its family or national groups and retraced its steps through the antechamber, down the long flight of steps, between the lances of the Swiss guards, and out into the atmosphere of modern Rome, into which the Pope himself has never gone since his election, and into which he will not go while he lives, unless he finds courage to ignore the fiction which counts him to-day, as his predecessor was for a time in truth, the Prisoner of the Vatican.

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Bryan: Preacher and Politician

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

"WHEN I started out in politics," said William Jennings Bryan a few days ago, "I used to think all good was condensed in my party and all evil in the other; but as I have become better acquainted I have found so many bad Democrats and so many good Republicans that I have become more charitable."

This was at a Sunday afternoon meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, where he was introduced by a Republican Governor, and where nearly every minister of the city was in the audience of five thousand men.

It was a meeting typical of scores addressed by Mr. Bryan in recent months—the hearers drawn partly, perhaps, by the fame of the speaker, but all enlisted in an uplifting movement. A prediction in 1896, when the whirlwind of campaign comment was wildest, that the leader of the Free Silver hosts would in little more than a decade be so greeted and would so introduce his sermon-lecture, would have met derision. Because of this wide reach between what was expected and what has come to pass, it furnishes an interesting study of the growth of Mr. Bryan's mind and art—if calling such as his may be termed an art.

To Mr. Bryan the promulgation of his political faith is unquestionably an art. It absorbs his waking moments; it delights him for its own sake, as well as for its rewards.

It is inevitable that a man like the noted Nebraskan should be variously judged—depending on the point of view. In his case the verdict has ranged from "the great commoner of this generation" to "political charlatan." This praise or condemnation has, for the most part, been directed toward his political views. Of late, because he has addressed on religious themes so many meetings, a new element has modified the public's estimation. The view partisans take is incidental; the real nature of the man is fundamental.

At the age of forty-eight, after four years in Congress and twelve years of almost daily appearance on the platform discussing public questions before large audiences, after visiting with kings and viewing the round world's wonders, Mr. Bryan is established as a National figure. Most men grow mellower with passing years, kindlier toward their neighbors; and if they do not always feel that way, they feel, as a relentless fighting editor of the West used to put it, that that is the way they ought to feel. He is no exception to this experience.

In Mr. Bryan's character there never was the steel that impales an enemy merely because one has power. He fought the first campaign as a militant debater; he waged the second with a broader smile and more frequent humor; he took cheerful part in the 1904 battle, knowing it to be a forlorn hope; he comes to the border of another contest with his good nature, in recent years grown yet more generous, still turned toward the public.

Because he has manifested large interest and takes more direct part in religious effort, shrewd observers have professed to foresee a time when he will leave the platform for the pulpit. They note his familiarity with the Bible; they point to his eloquent tributes to great moral agencies, and they term him a preacher rather than a politician.

Is there really a variation of Mr. Bryan's aim and ambition, or do they merely fail to take account of a phase of his character before kept in the background?

Perhaps there is something of both in this. Maturer years have doubtless given importance in his mind to things formerly deemed less essential, and unconsciously he responds to the influence. Also, present-day conditions in public affairs demand new treatment. Yet a

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deeper reason exists—his own inclination toward religious things.

"I am interested in the science of government," Mr. Bryan declares. "I have devoted a large part of my active life to its study—but I am more interested in religion. I enjoy making political speeches, but I enjoy making religious speeches more; and I shall be making addresses in the church after I have retired from the stump. Among those interested in politics I find differences of opinion—what pleases some displeases others; but all are interested in religious life." This sounds a note far from that of campaigns and nominating conventions.

The speaker's religious heritage and training have led to this end—and running through his life has been a trend toward the inculcation of moral precepts, frequently overlooked because of the great prominence of his political career.

Mr. Bryan is a Presbyterian. His father was judge of the local court. Three times a day he prayed; if court were in session at the noon hour, he bent his head where he sat on the bench and offered his supplication. A family tradition says that when six years old the son was planning to be a Baptist preacher, but his real ambition was always to be a lawyer. He joined the church at the age of fourteen, and maintained his faith throughout his college career, and on to maturity.

Once when he was in college a maiden aunt determined to make of Mr. Bryan a minister, and he searched the Scripture for text to refute her argument. In Proverbs he found it: "To do justice . . . is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice." He argued that sacrifice is the emblem of the priest's function; that to do justice is the lawyer's—and he silenced, if he did not convince, his aunt.

He addressed religious meetings before going to Congress, but when an unexpected turn of the election made him a Representative from Nebraska, he gave up this form of public speaking because he thought its object might be misunderstood. Not until after the 1900 campaign, two defeats for the Presidency having intervened, did he resume that work. He felt free to follow his own way, for it seemed unlikely that he again would lead his party in a National contest. But the public had forgotten—or had never known—of earlier efforts, and saw in the action a change of heart and of character, when to him it was only the outgrowth of an accession of independence.

Another thing: His reversion to Bible texts is not new. Through all Mr. Bryan's public addresses has been frequent quotation of Scripture. So far back as 1892 the text of his tariff speech was, "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right." His trust speech of 1900 was based on "Is the young man Absalom safe?" His New York speech in that campaign was built on "Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set," and his latest New York speech on "Thou shalt not steal."

"The Republicans were always questioning my authority," explained Mr. Bryan, referring to this, "and it kept me so busy defending authorities that it was impossible to accomplish anything. Now illustrations from the Bible are chosen; if the opposition find fault, the matter can be settled with the Scriptures, instead of with me."

One of the strongest passages of his present speeches is the story of "Joseph the Dreamer," which he makes dramatic and thrilling. "Behold, this dreamer cometh," he applies to the constructive statesman, as it was to Joseph, and develops the idea that

> "The dreamer lives forever,
> While the toiler dies in a day,"

through comparison of the fame of the cathedral architect with that of the laborer on the walls.

"All discourses should go back to some great moral principle," is the theory he frequently elaborates in his speeches. "This is my theology," he remarked in the midst of a political argument: "if a man looking at the life of Christ, beholding its freedom from sin, is inspired to approximate his own life to it—is sorry when he sins, not wishing to sin again—he is a Christian. So," for the application, "is he who wants to do right, who is sorry when he does wrong, and who

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wishes to serve his country well, a patriot, regardless of his party." It is a helpful thing when to a listening throng, hanging on the resonant voice of one they have journeyed many miles to hear, he proclaims, "No book contains so much truth—or truth so well expressed—as the Bible; in it is the world's best wisdom." Whatever one may think of the speaker's ideas on government, respect is due this sort of influence—and it is seldom that a political orator exerts it.

Probably he does not realize how often he turns to the Book, and the preacher-like quality of his method when he does so may well cause discussion whither it will eventually lead. Mr. Bryan once remarked that the late D. L. Moody preached as a lawyer presents his case to a jury. Mr. Moody's comment was that, if preachers would preach as Mr. Bryan talks politics, they would make more converts.

As is the case with most of us, his work has to a degree shaped itself. The law gave way to politics because he was elected to Congress; lecturing and the newspaper grew out of politics. It is evident that he enjoys each part of the combination—he earns his living by following the lines for which he feels himself best fitted, and along with it he brings to those whom he can reach, better perhaps than the minister, a message of Christian faith and hope. Altogether, it is a personal field, not one that can be chosen deliberately, but one that might grow—as this has grown—out of events and conditions. With it all, even to those who differ with him on political methods, Mr. Bryan's personality gives the impression of strength and earnestness. He is big and broad physically; he is powerful politically and mentally; he is in the prime of life, and must be reckoned with as one of America's foremost citizens.

Probably no one thing has added so much to the public's impression that Mr. Bryan is in the end to become a preacher as his lecture entitled "The Prince of Peace." It is so uncommon for a political leader to enter the pulpit with an earnest exposition of the truths of the Christian religion that it seems to many that he must have experienced a change of heart.

This lecture has an interesting history. Six or seven years ago, about Christmas time, Mr. Bryan was thinking of Christmas and the reason for the celebration of that festival. Naturally, he thought of the message "Peace on earth" and the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the coming of Christ. "More out of curiosity than otherwise," explained Mr. Bryan to me, "I looked up the prophecy to see exactly what it said. Reading on, I found following it this verse, which before had escaped my attention:

> "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever.

"Somehow it appealed to me particularly because of its relation to government. It is a popular opinion that all governments must have their rise, decay, and fall; but this seemed to teach that a perpetual growth in government, with no possibility of retrogression, might be secured if justice were the source of strength. Out of this idea grew the lecture."

It does not impress one as an ambitious or a powerfully eloquent address. It is a simple, plain, straightforward argument sustaining the reality, the helpfulness, and the promise of the Christian religion and its teachings. It was, at first, frankly a defense of the Christian faith. As it was delivered it expanded and developed, until it has become, in the form in which it is to-day, a presentation of the evidences that support Christ's title of the "Prince of Peace." Scarcely a Sunday goes by that Mr. Bryan does not give this lecture before a vast audience of men. It is his most popular Chautauqua number, and is presented year after year at the same assemblies. He prefers to give it at men's meetings, because he reaches there exactly the class of hearers he most desires to convince. On his tour of the world he delivered it at Tokyo, Manila, Bombay, Cairo, Jerusalem, Montreal, Toronto, and it has been heard in all parts of the United States. It has been the attraction before Catholic and Protestant assem-

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blies, before Presbyterian synods and Methodist conferences. A college professor who listened to the address a short time ago made this criticism: "Yes, there were four thousand men to hear Mr. Bryan's lecture, but it was a very old-fashioned talk. He devoted too much time to argument against outgrown attacks on Christianity."

The average hearer, however, as does the average church attendant, rather likes old-fashioned doctrines; he has not yet reached the point where the old attacks on Christianity do not need refutation; and Mr. Bryan talks here, as he does in every political address, for the average citizen. He takes especial pride in the fact that frequently men come to him and tell him that they have been strengthened in their religious faith by his words. Nor does he confine his defense and exposition of Christianity to platform effort. The other day, on a railway train, he gave two hours of earnest argument to answering the questions of a group of gentlemen who wanted a clearer analysis of certain Scriptural truths.

The fact that he goes back year after year to the same audience with the same lecture, and receives each time the same earnest attention, proves that there is something inherently helpful in his religious work. After the address he visits with the ministers, notes their comments, gathers new ideas, new illustrations, and the lecture-sermon is broadened thereby. It is not precisely the same address now that it was last year, nor will it be the same next year as now. It will never grow old, for its subject is ever new; it will develop and expand and change as the speaker and the times change.

But even this does not mean that Mr. Bryan has any idea of entering the ministry. He is emphatic in his denial of such ambition. "My work," said he a few days ago, "is the layman's work, which is different from the minister's work. It is a larger and, for me, a better field. To me the church's interests and cause make up but a part of my life; to the minister it is his all. As a working citizen, interested in many things, I can appeal to a class of men and women whom the preacher cannot reach. I can instill some truths of Christianity into minds that are not within the circle of the minister's power. It seems to me that here is the direction in which I can accomplish most good."

It is most interesting to note that, in contrast to the procedure of most lecturers, Mr. Bryan has published his "Prince of Peace" lecture in pamphlet form, and added to it a note stating that it is not copyrighted, and any one who cares to do so may republish it.

Naturally, he receives some sharp criticism, of which this from a talented Western editor is perhaps typical: "Mr. Bryan is fond of mixing fine moral reflections with his discourse. In a speech the other day he said, 'There are higher things than holding office.' It is true, and he might have added that there are higher things than running for office, even though he who is running leaves a trail of precepts behind him." It goes on to state that Mr. Bryan has given nothing practical to the world in exchange for the honors and financial rewards that have come to him—but a difference in political views may account for much of this opinion.

However, Mr. Bryan is not easily ruffled. He smiles a broad smile when he reads these criticisms and when he sees the cartoons that picture him so grotesquely. He worries little over the attacks made upon him—except that he does resent being called a demagogue. The burden of his speech this year is a claim of "vindication" of what he predicted and advocated a dozen years ago. He goes back much farther than that to show that his political history has been consistent. He does not expect everybody to agree with him; he even calls for a showing of hands in his audience, asking how many voters present have voted against him, and receives at times a startling response; but he does desire that he be given credit for advocating early in his political career certain things which he yet believes.

He points to the fact that he advocated tariff reform in Nebraska when that State was twenty-eight thousand Republican; that he took up bimetallism when the administration of his own party was against it; that he opposed imperialism, speaking against it publicly before any

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expression of public sentiment in his own party had been manifested; that he was the opponent of trusts and the advocate of railway regulation before the public generally was aroused to the influence of great corporations on legislation. He notes that he advocated the guaranty of bank deposits fourteen years ago when the subject was so unpopular that he could not get a favorable report from a committee in Congress; that he favored in his speeches the election of United States Senators by the people before it was ever acted upon favorably in Congress, and that since that time the lower house has five times passed a resolution for an amendment so to elect, and nearly two-thirds of the States have indorsed the idea; that he advocated the income tax four years before it was taken up by his party in Congress and thirteen years before it was indorsed by a President. To be sure, some of these theories in government have for a long time received the approval of other public men as well as of Mr. Bryan—but he is speaking only for himself.

In discussing his political preferment Mr. Bryan does not pose as having sought things. He recalls that he took the nomination for Congress in Nebraska when the odds were overwhelmingly against him; that his election was a surprise to himself and to the district; that the nomination in 1896 was scarcely to be predicted; that in 1900 he was nominated without opposition—so he holds that political honors have come to him naturally rather than that they have been the result of much scheming.

Mr. Bryan's capacity for hard work is marvelous. Here is a sample day: In at 7:30 A.M. from a three-hundred-mile night ride, with a car change after midnight; introductions; breakfast; 8:30, address on the steps of a fraternity building; 9:30, talk to a party central committee; 10:15, address in a crowded auditorium to four thousand persons; 12:15 P.M., talk to overflow meeting outside; 1 P.M., lunch; a special-train trip of one hundred miles with five stops, at each of which he made three-minute rear-platform talks; 3:40, another two-hour speech from an open-air stand, with a high wind blowing; a fifty-mile railway journey, eating dinner on the way; 7:30, a reception and twenty minutes' dictation to a reporter; 8:15, an address to four thousand persons in a badly lighted, poorly arranged warehouse auditorium; midnight, aboard a train for a one-hundred-and-fifty-mile ride, with two formal addresses scheduled for the next day and six for the succeeding one.

Along with this is the constant procession in train, street, or hotel lobby, of the eager introducer, "Mr. Bryan, I want you to shake hands with my friend Mr. Blank—he's a good fellow." No matter what is happening, Mr. Blank must have a grasp and a "Glad to see you."

This goes on day after day, and has been a nearly continuous performance since his return from Europe, increasing in strenuousness as the Presidential campaign approached. Between the Democratic communities that think they have a claim to an address because they supported him, the Republican communities where his party needs help, and the close communities where it is hoped that he can turn the scales by a speech, he is kept busy.

Nor do all in his audiences have their anticipations fully met. "It was not as thrilling as I expected," said a Western ranchman who had driven seventy-five miles to attend the meeting. He had pondered the "cross of gold" climax and looked for its dramatic repetition. But close attention and frequent applause mark every meeting; Mr. Bryan is a masterful speaker, and maintains complete control of his audience without seeking superficial aids therefor. He desires to convince—not to amuse, which should be the province of the pleader. In fact, Mr. Bryan's political speeches are rather serious, except for a few brief stories and an occasional side remark that brings a laugh. His face is a determined one—sterner and with more tightly pressed lips than in his first campaign. Perhaps he feels that he has before him a larger task than then. He takes up, one after another, the great planks of his platform and declares: "Time has proved we were right." The quantitative theory of money, trust regulation, revision of the tariff—in the history of the past twelve years he sees

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an indorsement of his party's position on each. Then he devotes some attention to Republican leaders and their records.

"But we must present a more aggressive idea than that," said one of his own party members, "when we get into the campaign. You've got to talk about the future to bring cheers—and we want cheers!" The campaign is young yet. Cheers—on both sides—will be more plentiful later on.

Mr. Bryan is most heartily at home when he is in the West, out on the prairies, where, by a certain rough and ready heartiness, he has won an enthusiastic admiration less freely manifested by city audiences. "Hello, Billy!" prairie dwellers call from the audience, and he smiles a recognition. He tells his Western stories, certain that they will be appreciated; he thoroughly enjoys the country town's effusive welcome.

"And yet," he remarked, as the train pulled away from a group of Western settlers to whom he had spoken, "the farmer is the great conservative of this Nation—the hardest to change, the most tenacious of his political belief."

He is asked to appear, not only on the political rostrum, but before all kinds of companies. He probably has been more frequently before colleges and universities than any other individual in America. Contrary to some assertions, only a small part of his speeches consists of paid lectures; the larger portion is delivered by invitation before assemblies, or is political, and, of course, without charge. The speaker makes his own arrangements, and the terms are always the same—half the receipts to the lecturer, half to the local management. He cannot fill half the requests that come to him. Sometimes when he delivers his "Prince of Peace" lecture on Sunday an admission fee is charged, but the total receipts are given to charity or to some religious organization.

Another thing Mr. Bryan resents is the charge that his only object in life is being a candidate for political office. Conditions of public life to-day have made it possible for a man to carry on at one time a group of three lines of effort—journalism, lectures, and politics. No other trio so well works together. The newspaper helps the lecturer and aids in politics; the lectures help the newspaper; politics is an adjunct that increases the audience for the lectures and adds subscribers to the newspaper. The editor may travel, speak, and write without one duty infringing upon the other. Looked at purely as a business proposition, it is a most enjoyable and self-satisfying sort of existence. Nor is there any reason why it should come to an end. Whether the individual win or lose in his political ambition makes little difference, on the whole, to the three lines of endeavor in which he is engaged.

"Of course," says Mr. Bryan, "my prominence in politics is working capital for my lectures and for my newspaper work—but where would it not be the same? I could start a clothing store and get custom because of my name. Cleveland, Reed, Harrison, and scores of others have found greater reward in business because of their political prominence. It is a condition that cannot be avoided."

Mr. Bryan believes that he has demonstrated during the past decade two facts: First, that a man may become influential in politics without departing from high moral standards; second, that a man may maintain his position in politics without power to reward, money to buy influence, or patronage to dispense.

He asserts that his place in politics is not due to marvelous ability, to great genius, nor to his skill as a public speaker, but to the strength of the principles he advocates. "You cannot kill a man," he frequently says, "until you kill the thing for which he stands."

The other day I asked him the secret of his success. He gazed thoughtfully over the wide prairies for a moment before replying. "It is," he replied, "because I have had faith in the wisdom of doing right, and have preferred to be defeated in the fight for the truth, rather than to win by a surrender of it." He added: "I deserve no credit for this, however, because no man can win so much by the surrender of the truth as he can by adherence to it. It is expe-

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dient as well as right for a man to contend for that which he believes is right. If he be in fact right, he will grow as his cause grows; and if he errs in judgment, he will still have the approval of his own conscience and the respect of his opponents."

This, to be sure, is not a new discovery, but there is a great deal in Mr. Bryan's history that indicates his sincerity in speaking as he did.

Mr. Bryan doubtless expects to be the nominee of his party for President; more than that, he probably does not imagine that he will have hard work to secure that nomination. Doubtless he will write the platform on which he will run; and his recent speeches, as he has gone to the sections where he hopes to get a majority of the votes, indicate that this platform will be a composite of the three that have gone before, with possibly less of 1904 and more of 1900 and 1896 therein. Then, until election, will be fewer sermons and more political pleas.

After that—well, if defeated, why cannot the old programme be resumed: lectures, religious addresses, politics, journalism? If there come victory—that is another matter. In either event, Mr. Bryan is unlikely ever to become a preacher, except in the sense that he himself uses the term—"a preacher of ideas."

WHAT SETTLEMENTS STAND FOR

BY JACOB A. RIIS

THE peace of Holy Week—we called it in my mother tongue "Quiet Week"—was broken in New York by a storm of priestly and rabbinical abuse of settlements and settlement workers, those of the Riis House in Henry Street particularly. It was charged that they proselyte among the people, pauperize them, steal their children, and give the East Side a bad name; and finally that the whole movement is a swindling game, intended to deceive the unwary, and that we are all grafters making a fat living out of it. To all this it seemed a waste of time and words to reply, except in the briefest terms denying the slander. Since, however, The Outlook's readers have borne no mean hand in shaping the work that has grown at 48 Henry Street to such proportions as to provoke this assault, I shall set before them here just what settlement work means to us, what it aims at, and why we are doing it. I shall speak for our house, and yet in a measure what I have to say will stand for the whole settlement cause. For, whether they know it or not, the same impulse sends all settlement workers to their task, builds all settlement houses: the impulse to help the brother. And this to me means the quickening of conscience, the rebirth of faith in an all-loving Father whose children we are, call Him then what we will. So that in its true spirit all settlement work is essentially religious. With this conclusion some may disagree, but in fact it is so.

We in Henry Street are in some ways quite different from settlements in the accepted meaning. The name Neighborhood House really fits us better. We were not "established." Our house grew of itself, out of a child's wish to make other children happy with gifts of flowers which their stony streets did not grow. From this small beginning sprang the settlement house under whose roof today a thousand boys and girls, and young men and women, find their common playground, the only social opportunities many of them know, and tired mothers a blessed respite from the cares of their hard life. These are the things that appeal to the eye: a teeming hive in which clubs, classes, social meetings, gymnasium games, kindergartens, and like activities go on unceasingly; and the same applies with variations to every other settlement. Most of them have a staff of resident workers. In our house only the janitor's family live and sleep. Our half-score paid workers and our volunteers go to their own homes overnight. Indeed, we would not know

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where to find an inch of room for them to stay in. Our Board from the beginning has been almost wholly composed of women, and no one upon it receives any remuneration whatever. The entire amount we paid last year for purposes of administration was $2,105, in salaries to our head worker, her assistant, and our stenographer; truly, a fat living for these hard-worker "grafters."

I have not seen the balance-sheet of any other settlement. That of my own gives me concern enough with this hard season upon our poor people. But I know the spirit of all the workers, and I will warrant that there is not one of the threescore settlements in New York City that gives even a shadow of an excuse for the malicious charge that most of the money given to them goes to the workers and but a small part to the poor man. In our house the percentage directly applied to the needs of our people, in a score of different forms, but all equally direct, is just 80½ per cent, and I challenge the slanderers, clerical and lay, to the proof, here and now, that ours is not in that respect the type of all.

Our people, who are the real settlement, the house being just their meeting-place, are Jews and Roman Catholics. If there were any Protestants that needed our ministrations there, they would receive them. There are none. For clearness' sake, let me add that our constitution as an incorporated body sets forth its object to be: "in co-operation with existing agencies, to visit, comfort, and relieve the sick and needy of New York City, to instruct them, and to better their condition spiritually and physically."

What we mean by spiritually bettering the condition of, for instance, our Roman Catholic friends, was set forth in our reply to the priest who attacked us. We found a tenement-house mother troubled in mind, her family divided, because, though a Roman Catholic, she did not attend church. Our visitor, who had won her friendship, learned from her that she had never made her first communion, and dared not make the confession. The visitor, herself a Protestant, arranged to take her to a far uptown church, to the priest in charge of which she told the woman's story, and there she made her confession, went to communion, and was returned to her home parish, a church member in good standing. She is now a middle-aged woman, happy with her own. For fifteen years she has been a regular attendant at our mothers' meeting, where at last she can look neighbor and friend in the face.

A man drinks his family into misery. He is willing to try to do better; our visitor takes him to the priest, who administers the pledge and tries so to hold him. A child has to be put into an institution. If it is of Catholic parents, a Catholic institution is found for it as a matter of course. I am not speaking of what we would do if it happened, but of what we do right along with the things that do happen. If the child is a Jew, a Jewish home is found for it. Periodically the cry is raised that we tempt away the Jewish children who fill our kindergarten classes. We tempt no one. Our effort is to preserve, not to break up, the home. But we are glad to give the children room, since they have no kindergarten of their own to go to. Some years ago a proposal was made to us to "sell out" to the Jews. We refused, but promised unasked that whenever they should give us proof that they were able to supply what the children and their parents seek in our house, we would submit to them our kindergarten roster, that the parents might decide between them and us—not before. We were not going to have our children frightened away to their undoing just for the sake of prejudice.

These plain facts would seem to dispose of the charge of proselyting. We attempt no religious instruction of any sort. Once a year, at Christmas, if I am at home, I claim it as my privilege, which nothing can make me surrender, to talk to the people, young and old, of the peace and good will which He came to bring whose birthday we keep, and those who might not wish to come are then warned to stay away. As a matter of fact, they all come. Last Christmas there had been some ill feeling between Jews and Christians. We gathered them together, and I told them of how, on a trip to the Pacific coast the winter before, I found in the city of Portland a Danish

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woman lying ill in a hospital, stricken with a disease which prevented her from moving hand or foot. So she had been lying, helpless, three years. When the Danes in Portland heard of it, they raised much money to get her husband, who was a poor fisherman, and the children, up to visit her from their home a hundred miles away. Because of poverty they had been able to go to her only once a year. We were all very busy, and I had to go away; so it was left to a friend there to light the Christmas tree, to hang it with toys and clothing for the children, and to make the father and mother happy. And he did. That friend was the Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, now back in New York, who comes to talk to our children when he can. I told them that every Jew and every Christian in our house should be as big as the Rabbi Wise, to come up to its ideal. And when, two weeks later, I found on the bulletin-board a notice inviting all the young people to a dance, and saw that it was signed by Abraham Goldberg and Dennis McCarthy, I knew that they were growing. That is what I conceive to be "bettering spiritually" the condition of Jew and Roman Catholic alike.

As to pauperizing the people—if wholesome play, if manual training, if cooking lessons, if a romp in our summer camp, if the sea breezes on Twin Island, where the weary mothers go in the hot summer with their babies and come back strong and rested—if these constitute pauperizing, we and all the settlements are guilty of that, not otherwise. Only in cases of great and instant need is material relief given, and then after thorough investigation. The entire amount so expended last year was $525.60, a fraction over three per cent of all the money we received for the work of the house. At this moment our working-girls are making ready for a fair that shall complete the endowment of $500 which for several years they have striven to raise for a bed in the Santa Clara Home for Consumptives. This is the kind of pauper we make of these girls, every one of whom is working for a living for herself or for others depending upon her. Boys and girls run their own clubs, pay their own dues, and help the other fellow who is down when they can. Is it such doings that give the East Side a bad name?

Twenty years ago the East Side had a bad name, and it deserved it. The slum was in unchallenged control. Ragged children played in dirty gutters. Their homes were in noisome tenements. The Board of Health reported that of all the city's schools one was properly ventilated. In the others, one and all, the children were poisoned by foul air. That was why they were stupid. In the densest crowd during the days when we were trying to bring on school reform I stumbled upon one with a janitor of cleanly instincts who every morning scrubbed the wooden stairs—the only stairs used by a thousand children—with kerosene! Into the midst of all this came the settlements. They came to help, and they told the truth. In half a dozen years the old corrupt conspiracy we called our city government had been turned out. The streets were cleaned, parks and playgrounds were made for the people. But before the whole programme of reform could be put through, the enemy came back, more defiant, more corrupt than ever. They took the people's playgrounds and trafficked in them, selling privileges to the highest bidder. The streets became a slough once more, the building of new schools all but ceased. The tenements reverted to their evil state, and worse things happened. They were overrun with lewd women who paid blackmail to the police and defied the tenants. The scandal became so foul that the Bishop of New York was shocked into writing a letter to its Mayor the like of which was never worded, I think, in a Christian city. None of us has forgotten: "In the name of these little ones, these weak and defenseless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike . . . I call upon you to save these people, who are in a very real way committed to your charge, from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning."

That was the slum the settlement workers had tried to paint.

There was a meeting in one of the settlements on the lower East Side, and Felix Adler spoke to the young men.

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When he had done, a pale-faced Jew arose to thank him.

"Now you go," he said, "to your quiet home on a decent street where no harm comes to you, or your wife and children in the night, for it is your home. And we—we go, with the high resolves, the noble ambitions you have stirred, to our tenements where evil lurks in the darkness at every step, where innocence is murdered in babyhood, where mothers bemoan the birth of a daughter as the last misfortune, where virtue is sold into a worse slavery than ever our fathers knew, and our sisters betrayed by paid panders; where the name of home is bitter as mockery, for, alas! we have none."

From that meeting sprang the reform movement that elected Seth Low. It brought back to the people their playgrounds for which they had paid millions, and the settlements are to-day pushing for more. They would long since have made a playground and a breathing-place out of the infamous "Lung Block," with its dreadful tuberculosis death rate, or even of the block adjoining, but for the opposition of the very priest who to-day accuses them of giving the East Side a bad name. The lung block is in his parish, and he alone kept it there. If any relief has since been afforded its tenants by action of the authorities, that is due directly to the agitation kept up by its "defamers."

The reform started by the settlements drafted our tenement-house law that gives light and air a legal claim in the homes of the poor, and pushed it through. It laid a fine of a thousand dollars upon the landlord who knowingly let a prostitute practice her trade in his tenement, and so put an end to its direst peril. It killed blackmail. It cleaned the streets. It brought the mortality among the tenants' babies down to the lowest mark, and last of all it made odious the very name of slum with what it stands for. When to-day we have to fight for the things that make for the city's good, for safeguarding the home, we fight no longer for but *with* the people. And this is the settlements' doing; this is the work of their twenty years' campaign of education. Other influences helped, but back of them, back of it all, were ever the push, the enthusiasm, the undaunted hope of the settlement worker who led on in the fight for better things, for cleaner things. If to-day the East Side wears a different garb, if happy children play, safe from harm, in playgrounds of their own, if the priest himself winces at the name of slum, he can thank these "crusaders" who came to help and who have wrought so well.

Nor is this all. Their work is not done. In Henry Street, where our motto is written in bronze, "All God's Children," there hangs a tablet which tells that the gymnasium is supported by a dozen great private schools where the children of fairer chance, of happier lives, go. We are bringing up there baseball nines and basket-ball teams that shall meet their friends upon their native heath and beat them if they can, and thus we are planning a citizenship that shall make it impossible, in days to come, to slip back into the old slough. For when James of Madison Avenue and Jimmy of Battle Row, or of Cherry Hill, lie groping in the dirt together for the same ball, we believe they will find that which is better—they will find one another. James will know that Jimmy is not a tough, though he hail from the East Side, and Jimmy that James is not necessarily a dude because he wears good clothes; but that they are just two good, square American boys together. And then the day will break when we shall pull together at the polls, too, being no longer strangers. That is the sum of our planning for our city, and for our country.

In one way or another, some of them perhaps better than ours, that is what the settlements aim at, the making real of the brotherhood on earth which we own with our lips each time we say "Our Father which art in Heaven." If it is a game, it is a game in which priest and rabbi, as servants of God, belong on our side, not on the side of the enemy.

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GOVERNMENT CURRENCY

BY ARTHUR W. ALLEN

MONEY, primarily, is any commodity of intrinsic value which by common consent passes from hand to hand in exchange for other commodities, not themselves readily exchangeable one for another. At the present time this primary money is gold, and its coinage and issue are exclusive government functions. Its chief use in our day is as a measure of value rather than as a circulating medium, and its active employment is confined to the settlement of balances between nations.

Secondarily, money is any non-interest-bearing token, usually without intrinsic value, promising directly, as our paper money does, or by implication, like our silver dollars, to pay on demand a given quantity of primary money; its purchasing power relative to that of primary money being dependent on the degree of confidence in the responsibility of the maker. When that is complete, it passes at its face value.

According to the present custom, such secondary money is issued by banks under government regulation, sometimes directly by the government, and is commonly known as credit money.

From what source should this credit money emanate; by what means can its parity with gold best be maintained; and how can it be made completely responsive, in volume, to the ebb and flow of legitimate demand, and yet be safeguarded against dangerous inflation?

Let us analyze our present monetary system and, in the light of its teachings, search for an answer to these fundamental questions.

We now have in the United States six kinds of circulating medium, exclusive of subsidiary coinage: gold coin and gold certificates, silver dollars and silver certificates, United States notes popularly known as greenbacks, and National bank notes. Have we too many kinds, and if so, which should be withdrawn, and how should they be replaced?

Gold is by common consent, as has been shown, the foundation of the whole financial structure. Gold, therefore, we must have, and gold certificates, which are mere storage receipts for coin, are a necessary convenience because more readily handled than the coin itself.

Passing these, then, we have left four kinds of money; or, treating the silver dollar and silver certificate as one, there remain three. Of these, the silver dollar is an anomaly, a hybrid between actual value and a promise to pay—half value and half credit—in the guise of the form it. It is essentially a deception, and ought at the earliest practicable time to be eliminated.

Our discussion is thus restricted to the two remaining issues of paper money—the greenback and the National bank note. Can we evolve a system that will eliminate them, and give us something better in their place?

The first requisite of any form of credit issue, personal or national, is ample underlying security in tangible and negotiable property. This is fundamental. A second, of only less importance, is what we have come to call "elasticity;" the quality of expanding and contracting in volume, in response to increased and diminished demand. The primary requisite we already have in all our money, but the second is lamentably lacking. Can any practical method be devised to supply it? The greenback and the National bank note have served us well, and it is no part of wisdom to abandon them abruptly; but if the monetary stringency through which we have recently passed is in any degree chargeable to an antiquated currency system, it is time that we at least gave thought to the subject, with a view to substituting a better one.

The first requirement, as we have indicated, is unquestionable security. It may be "collateral," as in the case of bonds deposited with the Government to secure the redemption of National bank notes; or it may be the total wealth of the maker of the notes, as in

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the case of all present Government obligations, behind which is the entire taxable wealth of the country. What is the relative desirability and availability of these forms of security? and, as a closely related question, should currency be issued directly by the Government, or under Government regulation by a bank or banks? Let us consider these questions in inverse order.

It has been wisely determined that the Government shall control absolutely all issues of credit money. Should it not go further, and take to itself the exclusive right to make them? This is directly opposed to custom and to the present weight of opinion, but the mere fact that the privilege has heretofore been granted to the banks does not prove the wisdom of that course, and perhaps the prevailing idea is incorrect. On the other hand, it is plain that any plan for an exclusive Government currency must be well hedged about with restrictions that will obviate all danger of an excessive issue. If we admit the principle that the Government may create money at its pleasure, we have by that act taken the first step towards a debased currency. But may not such a system be fortified beyond reasonable doubt?

Let us assume that it can be, and try to work out a safe and practicable plan.

This introduces again the question of the form of security. To what extent, if at all, may we safely issue currency on the general wealth and credit of the country, and at what point must we begin to use specific collateral?

Since for nearly thirty years we have floated a considerable volume of purely credit notes on a parity with gold, we are justified in planning to continue that system, for a time at least, always provided we limit the amount and provide some other means of supplying further currency as needed.

It is not our province to deal in figures, but we may suggest that the limit be fixed at about the present volume of credit issues made directly by the Government or, say, $500,000,000 to $600,000,000. This would cover, approximately, first, the present volume of greenbacks (about $346,000,000), and, second, the amount by which the face value of the total issue of silver dollars exceeds the actual value—in gold. The silver dollars should by degrees be sold as bullion, and the amount realized converted into gold; and credit currency for the shortage could simultaneously be issued.

All this is preliminary. Our serious problem is to formulate a plan for the direct issue by the Government of notes, supported by definite negotiable collateral, to be substituted by degrees for the present National bank notes; a plan which will insure automatic expansion and contraction in proportion to the demands of business.

In doing this our first care must be that the change from bank notes to Government notes shall be gradual. The financial equilibrium should not be disturbed by forcing the banks to retire their present circulation and to throw their holdings of Government bonds suddenly on the market. We need only to prohibit their increasing their circulation, and in the natural course of affairs their notes will all sooner or later be retired.

The issuance of the Government notes would best be accomplished, and perhaps could only be accomplished, through an intermediary, in the form of what may be termed a General Bank, in whose councils the Government would be represented. It is not proposed to have it a Government bank, but rather a General National Bank, in which all present National banks shall be permitted, and all future National banks shall be required, to take a non-transferable interest in proportion to capital. Its relations would be only with the Government and with other banks, and National banks alone would be permitted to hold an interest in it. It would not be a bank of deposit.

It would, in effect, be a general partnership of subsidiary banks, each of which would be liable for its due proportion of any loss by the General Bank. The capital, therefore, need be only nominal, and the revenue only sufficient to pay running expenses and a reasonable return on such capital as was employed. It would act as agent for the advance by the Government of a special

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issue of currency to the National banks, on legalized collateral, on request; for which service, and the guarantee of repayment, it would receive a low rate of interest, say one-half of one per cent per annum, or less, for the elapsed time until repayment.

There should be an interest charge, instead of an annual tax, by the Government, proportioned in the usual way to the time the money was retained, out of which the General Bank would retain its compensation. The rate should be fixed by law—low, we will say, to each bank on an amount not exceeding its capital, and gradually increasing on some stated scale beyond that point, with a definite high maximum.

This system would provide fresh money in every instance, producing thereby the condition of flexibility and elasticity so much desired. The graded interest rate should increase with sufficient rapidity to prevent inflation and yet permit a practically unlimited amount of money to be obtained in times of stress, by paying the price.

To the banks such a system would be a source of profit. Under the present National banking law they must pay a tax on circulation for a definite period, whether the money is employed or idle, while under the proposed plan they would be able to surrender surplus funds, and stop interest charges instantly, as desired; and to obtain money again with equal facility. There would be need for much less cash reserve than under the present system, and there would be correspondingly little idle money.

The Government would be secured beyond all question, for, though it cannot with safety be predicted that the General Bank would make no losses, it could no more fail than the Government itself.

The test of the system would come in the selection and handling of collateral; and, whatever the location of the principal office, there should, in time, be a branch in every financial center; as many, at the least, as there are subtreasuries. By no other means could prompt interchange of collateral and money be effected; and instantaneous action is a fundamental necessity.

The class of securities acceptable as collateral should be provided by statute, and the Government should have supervision of all further issues by business corporations whose securities were accepted. It is not within the scope of this article to attempt to determine the principle of selection, but there are hundreds of millions of dollars of high-grade securities which should be satisfactory even to the Government, in addition to National, State, and City bonds. As an approximation only, we may fix the basis on which advances should be made, at eighty per cent of the market value, the equity of twenty per cent to be kept good on any decline. The system would be analogous to that of the ordinary call loan, with the important distinction that the Government would never demand payment, nor liquidate the securities, so long as the required equity was maintained.

If it be thought that for emergencies there should be a wider range of collateral, there could be added public-warehouse receipts for grain, cotton, etc., and perhaps properly attested commercial paper; provided, however, that on all loans for which such security was accepted the interest rate should be so high as to compel repayment at the earliest possible date.

The protection of all credit money from an international standpoint would necessarily devolve on the Government, which would be obligated to keep its gold reserve at a high point. Every note would technically be redeemable in gold on demand, and repudiation in any emergency would instantly depreciate the entire issue and destroy its international value.

Comparing our plan with that for an issue of bank notes based on assets, we present at least one strong advantage, in that it carries with it an automatic provision for contraction as well as expansion. We need a currency that will shrink in volume (instead of accumulating in the banks) whenever business slackens, whether for a month or a year, and this result will manifestly be more promptly and exactly attained under a system which provides for a daily interest charge on a Government issue, in-

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stantly terminable, than under one which calls for a tax on bank issues, for a fixed period. Bank notes are retired and *canceled* when that course is the more profitable, and then only.

Furthermore, while the asset plan is relatively safe, ours is even more secure. The former has behind it, in a measure, the combined banking business of the country; the latter has that, and, in addition, tangible collateral protection and all the financial strength of the United States Government.

If it be asked under what conditions the banks can profitably use this form of currency, a simple calculation will show that if they obtain eighty per cent of the amount of their capital from the Government at a rate of interest one per cent or more below that received from their invested capital, their profit will be greater than if they retain their full capital in money; provided that the rate at which they can lend their money does not exceed six per cent, and that their investments pay not less than two and one-half per cent on their cost.

Summarizing briefly, we find:

1. The system proposed would be a source of profit to the Government, without risk of loss.

2. It is simple, and, the necessary machinery once provided, it would be absolutely self-adjusting, and supply the requisite elasticity.

3. There would be less occasion for cash reserves, and little idle money.

4. The danger of panics would be greatly reduced.

5. The change would be so gradual as to preclude all risk of financial disturbance during the period of transition.

That there may be obstacles of a practical nature which have not been foreseen is altogether possible; but the underlying principle of definite, tangible security behind every obligation is sound beyond all question. Is our plan available? That is the only debatable point.

SHADOWY RECOLLECTIONS

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

Author of "Over Against Green Peak"

MY experience with the dusky members of the human family has been limited by paucity of circumstance. A life spent largely in rural New England does not bring one in frequent contact with those dark children—for whom, by the way, we have as yet found no adequate name. African is not strictly correct, and is far too ethnological; negro is still too technical; colored is very indefinite; nigger—perish the thought! I have sometimes felt a regret that I knew so little of the genial race whose touch on the childhood of some of my friends seems to have left such a tenderness, such a laughing, whimsical, open-hearted adaptability to the odd consummations of life. I wish that I, too, might have sat on the knee of some careless, expansive mammy and shouted with merriment at the pranks of the little pickaninnies.

But though my nurses were always white and very perpendicular, there were three colored people who came my way in three separate capacities, many years ago, and left with me their distinct impressions, so different from all other human influences. I look back upon them with love.

Mr. Dent was the owner of a livery stable in a small town where Aunt Susan and Jane and I went to live for a time when I was seven years old. It must have been an extremely circumscribed livery stable, for I remember no driver but Dent. One horse, one carriage, one large black man. A serene, undisputed authority they held at the station platform. The rich had their private equipages. There were never more than enough of the poor seized with reckless extravagance at the same hour to fill Dent's carryall. We must have been very reckless, we three, on our arrival in the town; for my first memory of that new home is

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Dent's face beaming down on me as I sat beside him on the front seat and we jogged away from the station. He studied me kindly. All children were his, through the length and the breadth of the village. He winked at me, put the reins of the steady old horse in my startled hands, and said to himself, I have no least doubt, "Well, now we gwine put some roses in them paper cheeks."

He did, they did, Dent and the horse; for my life took on a new quality of open-air surprise from that first day of arrival. I could never tell when I was going to be hailed, as I sat upon my doorstep—"Fetch your hat, honey, an' come along!" or picked up in the street and borne away on long, enchanted amblings about and about the little town, carrying people to the train, doing errands, fulfilling mild tasks for a simple community. I wish I could remember what we talked about on those drives; but perhaps such exact recollection would be too much to ask of the years. Intercourse, for the matter of that, between a simple-hearted old darky and a little girl of seven is not apt to be very profound. The sense of companionship was the great thing (as when is it not the great thing in right friendship?), and that has persisted and will persist so long as my memory holds.

Every one in the village loved Dent—old, young, and middle-aged. There was not a passenger who pulled open the door of the carryall and scrambled in with his bag who did not straightway then lean forward to pass some friendly word over the broad shoulder; and, for the most part, such passenger remained thus, his arms on the seat-back, conversing affably all the way to or from the station. I listened admiringly. What a personage was my Mr. Dent!

Dent's attitude towards his patrons (or were they, rather, his protégées?) was very informal; he knew his power. There is a significant friendly lack of deference in the colored race towards the white people whom they serve, as if the dignity of their position, committed to service entirely, worked unconscious exaltation in them; but in Dent's case the circumstances were peculiar; he really did rule a small kingdom. All children obeyed him implicitly, and many a grown mind succumbed to his "Ah, now, honey, you're not gwine do any such a thing!" Details of the intimate family lives of the community were his in abundance, and he pondered them thoughtfully, priding himself on his careful knowledge.

Visitors were in peculiar measure his property, of course. Was he not the first citizen of the town to be introduced to them? Was not his carriage top the first roof under which they entered? He seldom forgot a face or a name, and, when people came on a second visit, their hostesses would often enough intrust the whole duty of their reception to Dent. His grave and courteous hospitality on these responsible occasions was utterly charming, as I know now, as I think I did know half-consciously at the time, nestled on the front seat beside him, listening with wonder and awe to his stately conversation. Only once do I remember seeing him at a loss. A buoyant young man leaped off the train, cast a glance up and down the platform, and approached the carriage where Dent and I sat tranquilly waiting on destiny.

"Hello, Dent! You'll take me up, won't you?" And he scrambled in.

I had not the least idea who this brisk young gentleman might be, and I presently saw, to my stupefaction, that Dent was no wiser, though he threw a most obvious, guileless veil of politeness over his ignorance.

"I expect yoh left yoh family well, sah?" he began, tentatively, as we turned away from the station.

"Yes, thank you, my second cousins in the next block are all very well, and so is my uncle in Omaha."

This hateful young man was enjoying the situation; my heart swelled hot against him.

"They are expecting you here to-day, sah?"

There was a note of mortification in the kind old voice which swayed me with sudden longing to lay my cheek against the black sleeve beside me; but mortification, I vaguely knew, must always be ignored. So I sat up straight and studied the flowers by the side of the road. "I hate you, I hate you!"

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thus I addressed the young man under my breath.

"Oh, yes, they invited me to dinner."

Well, truly, what were we going to do? The fork of the road was just before us, the old horse was lapsing into a walk, wondering why he did not feel the accustomed pull to the right or the left on his reins. In some way we must make shift to discover our passenger's destination.

"You'll excuse me for askin', sah," old Dent turned with an elaborate innocence written large on his face, an ingratiating frankness, "but I never have happened to hear yoh full name. Would yoh be so kind as to tell me what is yoh maiden name?"

Perversions of speech were a snare to him—groping, faithful old soul that he was. They tell me that once in a colored prayer-meeting he adjured the congregation to "lay up treasure in that blessed place where thieves and rust do not corrupt and where moths do not break through and steal." I like that stirring, belligerent conception of the moth; it lays claim to my respect.

My intercourse with Dent was still unbroken, though the growing demands of school and playtime made our drives less frequent together, when the second episode began in my colored experience.

A new minister was called to the colored church.

"I x'specs he's a fine man we've got, sure 'nuff"—thus Dent addressed Aunt Susan. "He comes from fur 'nuff away—Nebrasky, I think they calls it. He must be a scholar; he wants to 'tend the 'cademy here, at the same time he does his preachin'. He's got a wife with him; she wants to work out."

Dent paused. He knew, of course, of the recent departure of our cook, he knew of the empty coachman's rooms above our disused stable. Aunt Susan responded at once. The arrangement was one she had always desired—a man and his wife, the former to care for the furnace and do little odd masculine jobs which a woman finds irksome about a place. It was presently understood that Mr. and Mrs. Wright were to spend the winter with us.

That was a great day when they arrived. Dent met them, of course, at the train, along with a numerous delegation from the colored church. The dusky procession entered our gate with a solemn, triumphant dignity which was most impressive—alarmingly so; we flew to stand at attention. How appalling it would be if we were not able to live up to these new honors! Left alone with the hero and heroine of the occasion, we were still overawed (at least I was; Aunt Susan and Jane have a stiffer fiber) by the majesty of Mr. Wright—stately, taciturn, unsmiling—but Mrs. Wright made a human appeal and relieved the tension at once.

"Law sakes!" Her bright black eyes snapped with a friendly eagerness, and she moved her head like an inquisitive bird. "I'm mighty tyud. We've traveled two da's. Why, I s'pose we must have come as much as a hundred miles. Mr. Wright, sh'd yoh say we'd come as much as a hundred miles?"

"Peace, woman!"

Her lofty spouse turned not his eyes nor opened his mouth, but his demeanor rebuked her. Her face sobered as she looked at him, poised so grandly upon our hearth-rug, and intense admiration possessed her. She retired behind him a step or two and challenged Aunt Susan's eyes. "Was there ever such a magnificent creature?" her glance said plainly enough. "But we mustn't spoil him"—and here she winked—"you know how it is with these people of genius, their heads are easily turned."

Aunt Susan certainly did her best to meet the somewhat unusual requirements of our domestic arrangement this winter. All respect for the priestly office was maintained with us. Two warm and comfortable rooms above the stable were fitted up as a study for Mr. Wright, and thither he repaired with grandeur when his secular offices were performed. In spite of the majesty on one side and the admiration on the other, there was not always a complete conjugal harmony between the two in our kitchen. Sounds of their altercation rose high sometimes, causing us to look at each other and hold our breath in dubious astonishment. Can the priesthood thus condescend?

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It was, however, the woman's voice that bore the burden of these disputes, and Mr. Wright seemed generally to be getting somewhat the worst of things—until sudden silence fell. It always meant one thing, this sudden silence, one supreme retaliation. Injured, crushed, Mr. Wright retired to his bedroom, donned a certain clerical necktie, put on his black coat, tucked his Bible under his arm, and, deigning to give not so much as a glance at his refractory wife, started for the stable. "Woman, behold whom it is that you flout!" Thus his broad back admonished her, and he never failed to bring her to terms on the august instant. She did not give him the satisfaction of open apology and submission, but great minds can afford to dispense with appearances when they control reality, and doubtless Mr. Wright knew full well that his wife stood gazing after him, rapt and tender, as he beat his awful retreat.

"My! he's a pretty fine man, I tell you," she would sigh, coming out of her revery at the kitchen window when Aunt Susan entered the room. "Don't you think, ma'am, you'd like to have me make a chocolate cake for supper?"

Mr. Wright was "pursuing studies" at the Academy all this winter, just as Dent had informed us it was his scholarly purpose to do. But the branches of his application were not those in which the clerical mind ordinarily exercises itself. Arithmetic, grammar, geography—it was with these subjects the text-books dealt that lay around on the kitchen table and that were patiently conned by the side of the kitchen stove. Pathetic it was, rather than amusing, to think of this big, solemn man in the ranks of the little boys at the Academy; admirable too, I protest. I hope the youngsters treated him well. Mr. Wright and I compared notes of the school-room often, and helped each other in our daily tasks. He was better than I in arithmetic, but I outdid him in grammar. In the kitchen window we sat, side by side, our books and our pads of paper before us, our pencils in our hands, and earnestly bent our heads to the solution of problems in long division and the parsing of "Paradise Lost." Mrs. Wright went on tiptoe beside us, her keen black eyes softened with awe at the stupendous nature of our occupation. Then, when we had finished, she brought doughnuts to refresh our mighty minds.

The domestic duties of our sage were not onerous; but, such as they were, he performed them with conscientious devotion. The care of the furnace was his chief task. In this science Aunt Susan instructed him with a painstaking explicitness which left no damper unturned. The thermometer in the sitting-room proved the chief stumbling-block in the way of his understanding, the baffling mystery. Before its inscrutable fluctuations he would stand silent, shaking his head, while his wife peered over his shoulder, subdued and silent too. Yet they both learned that the strange gray column inside the little round tube must push its way up till it stood abreast of the figure 70 before the draughts of the furnace below could be checked of a morning. We could sometimes hear them, as we were dressing, in suppressed and anxious consultation in the sitting-room. "'Tis! 'tis!" in Mrs. Wright's sibilant accents. "No, 'tain't yet, I tell you, 'tain't!" querulously from Mr. Wright. Then, when we descended, they scurried away, leaving, with an immense relief, the final decision to Aunt Susan's unquestionable knowledge.

At Christmas time Aunt Susan received a new thermometer, one of those outdoor glass affairs which are meant to be screwed to the outer frame of a window. The weather just then was intensely cold; nobody wanted to risk her fingers dealing with any screw-driver in the nipping air. So the thermometer lay on the piano, and when Aunt Susan came down to breakfast she would often pick it up instead of crossing the room to consult the old thermometer on the wall, and would say, "Not quite up to 70 yet, Mr. Wright. Leave the draughts open." Or, "Check the furnace now, Mr. Wright. The mercury's at 70, you see."

Death and confusion! Poor Mr. Wright was utterly mystified as he stared first at Aunt Susan, then at the two thermometers, then slowly shook his head. But we none of us realized his

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amazement, or thought to explain to him the temperamental kinship of thermometers.

At last there came a relenting day, when the sun shone warm on the porch, and Aunt Susan put on her cloak and went out with the new thermometer and a screw-driver. Mr. Wright was sweeping the steps; he said nothing, but watched from the tail of his eye what further inexplicable disposition was being made of the instrument which perplexed him so.

The next morning we woke up gasping, almost suffocating with heat. Aunt Susan sprang out of bed. "Jane!" she called. "Is the house on fire?" Jane was hurrying into her clothes. "It will be pretty soon if it isn't now," she answered. "I'm going down to investigate. What on earth can be the matter?" We all made haste downstairs.

Mr. Wright was in the kitchen studying his geography lesson and rocking back and forth in his chair, utterly absorbed. He looked up bewildered when Aunt Susan hurried breathlessly in upon him and cried:

"Mr. Wright! Mr. Wright! You must check the furnace instantly. Why, don't you know that the house is almost on fire?"

"Well, now"—he rose from his chair and turned a face of patient dismay upon our agitation—"I know I've been fyuhing up a great deal more'n usual, but I thought I had to. There must be somethin' gone wrong in the night with that new fermometer o' yours. I was out sweepin' off the steps an' I saw that the little gray thing in the tube had dropped way down to 20. Well, I was scart, of course, an' I went an' fetched Mrs. Wright an' we studied about it together. Then she says, 'You must put on more coal, you must fyuh up.' I've been a-doin' that evuh since, but it ain't near 70 yet."

It was never my privilege to know Mr. Wright in his sacerdotal capacity in the midst of his flock on Sunday. Our relation was so definitely established, along purely secular lines, that there could not have failed to be constraint in the pastoral attitude. Therefore Aunt Susan decreed that we leave the colored church unvisited. Yet did we once all hear him preach a never-to-be-forgotten sermon from the pulpit of our own church.

The occasion was a sorrowful one. Dent, dear Dent, had taken his way to those blessed regions of which he dreamed, far from the aggressive moth, and the whole town was in mourning. I have never known a more universal lamentation at any death save that of a President. The children wept and refused to hear of any sort of comfort, the women flocked to the stricken home to offer all services in their power, the business men opened their purses and said, "Arrange for the funeral as you will, and we will leave our offices early on that day."

At first the natural, obvious plan seemed to be to hold the service in the colored church. But Dent was a public character; he belonged to the white people almost more than to his own dusky kindred. There would not be nearly room for us all in the little church of his race. If, then, the last solemn rites were held in the larger church of the paler skins, would the Presbyterian minister deliver the address? No, said Aunt Susan, that would not be fair. We had already pre-empted Dent sufficiently in his lifetime; his people had ultimate claim over him; Mr. Wright must preach his funeral sermon, and the colored people must occupy the front pews of our church.

When Mr. Wright received the request to preach Samuel Dent's funeral sermon from the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in the presence of the entire town, black people and white, I wish I could say that he turned pale, for that is the effect he produced with his slowly revolving eyes, suspended expression of countenance, and mute, dropping hands. But Mrs. Wright was electrified with instant pride and exultation; she rolled her arms in her plaid apron and giggled aloud, bobbing about the room. "Woman!" again her spouse admonished her, "is this a time for merriment? You forget yourself." Then he pulled himself together, cast a sad, solemn look at Aunt Susan, requested the loan of "a book or two," and went

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off to his study with his arms full of Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier. That was the last we saw of him until the day of Dent's funeral, save only when he emerged to request an encyclopedia.

That anything so truly touching as that funeral should have a lurking smile in it for the moved spectator is of course one of the paradoxes which stand as the dearest, deepest truths of this poignant life. To laugh and to cry at the same moment opens the door of the tenderest secret place of the heart. Mr. Wright's sermon began, I believe, with the first verse of Genesis and concluded with the last verse of Revelation. It swept the whole gamut of literature, so far as Aunt Susan's library afforded scope; it touched upon science slightingly, it shivered perilously on the brink of philosophy, it wrested from history dates and facts and made off with them as independent booty. I, listening in the pew below, was open-mouthed with astonishment. Was this my comrade of kitchen study hours, he whom I helped so carefully with adverbs and adjectives, he who solved problems in fractions with me? I caught Mrs. Wright's eye as she looked around, almost bursting with pride, and exchanged an awed glance with her. The eulogy of dear Dent was elaborate; it took the heart of his family by storm; they wept aloud.

"Yes, my dear brethren," thundered the preacher, "a remahkable man! You well may weep for him. And the most wonderful thing about him"—here he lowered his voice impressively, leaning out over the coffin—"the most wonderful thing about our dear brother is that he was born without an education."

They have vanished utterly from me now, all three of these dear, dusky children whom I shall never forget. The one lies sleeping beneath a stone which the citizens of his town raised lovingly to him. The other two may still tread the paths of the world, for aught I know, but I have lost track of them. It is interesting to consider what might take place in the subliminal consciousnesses of Mr. Wright and myself if, unaware, on some crowded street, we crossed each other's footsteps. Into his mind there might suddenly flash a sum in long division, while I might go on my musing way parsing a line of Milton. When the latter circumstance happens to me, I shall turn and run back and scan the crowd for my old fellow-student.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE[1]

WHERE are the American ships on the high seas? We have thousands of miles of coast line. We have some of the best harbors in the world. We export an enormous amount of our products. Do they go mostly in American ships? No.

During the last half-century our foreign trade has increased five times, and our foreign trade shipping has decreased by nearly one-third. Our flag is now rarely seen in a foreign port.

This is due, first, because of the change from wood to iron ships. In the old days we could build wooden ships cheaper than England could. Hence American vessels were seen in all parts of the world. But when iron ships were preferred, it was quickly seen that England could build such vessels much cheaper than we could. Our ships were supplanted by England's.

Secondly, our Civil War crippled our shipping.

Much more important, however, than either of these causes for the decline in our merchant marine is the fact that larger financial returns come to Americans in other lines of industry than in ship-building and ship-operating. This is true both as regards labor and as regards capital. As to labor, the pay to an American sailor, shipping from an American port, says Mr. Dunmore in

[1] Ship Subsidies. By Walter T. Dunmore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1, net.

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his admirable summary of the subject, seldom exceeds $25 a month on a sailing vessel and $30 on a steamship. Yet in the same port a mechanic would receive $3 to $4 a day. As to capital, the $200,000,000 now annually paid to others for carrying our freight is believed to produce far more in the industries in which it is at present employed; namely, in manufacturing, transportation, and general trade.

In the fourth place, a cause for the decline in the American merchant marine may be found in an ultra-protective tariff. To begin with, it handicaps the American ship-builder by increasing the cost of his building materials. When this statement is made, ultra-protectionists are generally apt to reply that the importation of materials for the construction of wooden vessels has been free for thirty years; furthermore, that, by the Dingley tariff, iron and steel materials to be used in constructing vessels for the foreign trade are not subject to duty. To this one may answer that the law allowing this exemption also stipulates that a vessel built wholly or in part from this foreign, non-dutiable material must be used in the American coastwise trade for more than two months of any one year; if not, the duty must be paid. Turning from ship-building to ship-operation, the tariff prevents the importation of goods from foreign countries, thus rendering it difficult for the American carrier to obtain a cargo for the home port. Furthermore, the tariff puts both ship-building and ship-operating at a disadvantage by enhancing the already high price of labor, just referred to, in the American market. As Mr. Dunmore concludes, we should doubtless be carrying our full share of the commerce of the seas to-day but for the protective policy.

Such a policy doubtless includes our obsolete navigation laws. But they really need special mention as a particular reason why the American merchant marine has not been developed as it should have been. By the law prohibiting American registry to vessels constructed abroad we have opened the markets of the world to our competitors. A half-century ago the Germans, wiser than we, realizing that they could not produce ships as cheaply as England could, adopted the free-ship policy. What has been the result? In foreign trade marine Germany has rapidly passed America and stands second only to Great Britain. Meanwhile the German ship-yards have achieved a natural growth, enabling them to become close competitors of the English. The greatest ship company in the world, the Hamburg-American, has bought many more than half the total number of its ships in Great Britain. No American line could compete with the Hamburgers, for an antiquated law directly forces us to buy in a dear market. If our American registry law operates thus disadvantageously, our law compelling hire of American officers has also at times been disadvantageous to an owner flying the American flag. If that owner place his ship under the Norwegian flag, for instance, he can obtain capable officers at less wages, and a capable crew at much less wages.

The chief value of Mr. Dunmore's book lies in his answer to the question, How shall we increase our foreign trade marine?

The first step recommended is the easiest of application; it has long been recommended by The Outlook—the very natural and obviously necessary one to allow free ships in our foreign trade. Is it not a disgrace that, among the nations, America should be alone in handicapping her shipping and in refusing to allow her citizens to buy in the cheapest market? If there is any possible justification for a continuance of this policy, we have yet to see it.

Secondly, also in line with The Outlook's opinion, all tariff on ship-building materials should be *unconditionally* removed. When American steel corporations can pay the freight and deliver steel plates abroad from eight to fifteen dollars per ton cheaper than they will sell to American ship-builders, Mr. Dunmore is justified in declaring that something is radically wrong.

Thirdly, this critic recommends "an intelligent application of the policy of the law of 1891." That law authorized the Postmaster-General to make contracts

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for carrying the mails. By it he pays four dollars a mile to vessels having a speed of twenty knots or more, and two dollars a mile to sixteen-knot vessels, a dollar a mile to fourteen-knot vessels, and 66½ cents per mile to those below fourteen knots. This law is applicable only to vessels constructed in the United States under the Navy Department's superintendence, so as to be readily convertible, when needed, into naval cruisers. Finally, for the first two years the nationality of the crews must be at least a quarter American, a third for the next three years, and thereafter a half. Unlike the bills introduced in the last four sessions of Congress, providing for Government aid to cargo steamers, the present bill before that body provides on its face only for an increase of the postal contract. It would give to sixteen-knot boats plying to South America, the Philippines, Japan, China, and Australasia the first-class compensation of four dollars a mile. Unfortunately, Mr. Dunmore does not define his "intelligent application" of the policy of the law of 1891 as we wish he had. Would he approve the provisions of the new bill? Interesting facts which Senator Gallinger, its sponsor, has brought to light are that a year ago fifteen American steamers were running from Pacific ports to South America and the Orient. Now only eight are in commission. Of course the cost to the Post-Office Department of the change in rate might amount to four million dollars a year; but Mr. McCleary, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, says that the Government is now making a profit of about $3,600,000 a year on the ocean postal service, a sum nearly covering the additional expense proposed. And, in addition, it is believed by those who advocate the mail subsidy bill that the additional expense would be amply made up ultimately in our increased foreign trade marine.

If this and the other recommendations would result in such an increase, no further aid should be given. But would they? How about the less cost of operation under foreign flags? Shall we compensate for the difference? Mr. Dunmore suggests discriminating duties as a remedy. In other words, he would favor American carriers, not as against all others, but, be it noted, against vessels carrying goods between America and some country other than the one whose flag it flies. Thus, as Mr. Dunmore points out, the plan could not easily be rendered ineffective by retaliation, since every nation would still have the right to bring its goods here and to carry ours back.

Mr. Dunmore thinks that the development of the American merchant marine might again reach a normal growth by the use of such plans as the above. We are glad that he does not think, as The Outlook certainly does not, that a cargo subsidy would solve the problem. As he says:

> A subsidy is apt to weaken rather than stimulate individual enterprise, since it makes the recipient feel his direct dependence upon the National Treasury. Everything points to the fact that a subsidy would be a tremendous, permanent, and ever-increasing source of expenditure by the Federal Government, without sufficient justification upon any moral grounds.

Be it also remembered that no nation has ever succeeded in building up an efficient and permanent marine by the subsidy system.

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Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

"The Old Room" [1] is a translation from the Danish of Carl Ewald's domestic drama. It is a tragic psychological study written in a certain symbolic style, though thoroughly modern in its setting, in present-day Copenhagen. The tale, or rather the picture, is at times quite elusive in its vague hints of sorrow and evil; at all times it is curious and interesting. The *dramatis personæ* move like ghosts through the dimly gorgeous scene overweighted by family traditions and handicapped by restless, unhappy longings. We do not see in it the great beauty of form or thought claimed for it by its admirers, and especially by the translator. It will appeal to readers who crave the somber excitement offered by several Continental writers of dramatic fiction.

"Seeing England with Uncle John" [2] is not as funny as seeing France with him, but Miss Warner has made it amusing enough, though it should not be read at one sitting. Uncle John invites an old schoolmate, an impecunious Professor, to be his guest in England. He pays his expenses and berates him without mercy. These chapters alternate with the amusingly inconsequent letters of Yvonne (now happily married to Lee) to her mother. Yvonne and Uncle John play at cross-purposes all over England, trying to find each other. An added comic effect is given to her letters by her descriptions of people she meets on her trip, who are followers of several modern cults, such as transmigration of souls and trial marriage. After many misses and much exasperation, Uncle John arrives in Oxford, and is pacified by the diplomatic young couple naming the baby for him.

"William Jordan, Junior," [3] by J. C. Snaith, is a most unusual piece of fiction. We hasten to say that its purpose in quite incomprehensible. A queer unworldly father, with a still more unworldly son, live in London among their ancient books, loving and poring over their treasures, entirely unaware of the city about them. When necessity forces the son out into the fearsome city, haunted by "street-persons" who neither speak nor understand his language, his spirit is overwhelmed, and his fear and horror are pitiful in the extreme. Nothing more cruel can be imagined than his sufferings, nor does the author soften them in the least. The whole story is a nightmare. The effect of the contrast between the world of ordinary human beings and this sensitive, disfigured dreamer of ancient dreams is both grotesque and repellent. The object of the work, carefully done as it is, is inexplicable. If it aims to portray exalted genius in an unsympathetic and cruel world, it misses its aim by extravagance.

There is a certain talent among Englishmen, not so often found among us, for writing reflectively of nature. In a volume called "Idlehurst," [1] John Halsham pursues a quiet, meditative way, and produces a fairly attractive though by no means absorbing journal of country life in a small English village of Sussex. He mingles pictures of village folk and scenes with practical remarks upon gardening and musings upon his undergraduate days at Oxford. A solitary man, devoted to his retired life, he is friendly with the rector and his family, a retired General, a Major, and the few young people of quality to be found in every rural neighborhood in England. A shadow of sadness dims the scene, but does not detract from its reality or beauty. The book has reached its second edition.

Mr. Herrick's "Master of the Inn" [2] can be read in an hour, though the reader will find his reading interrupted from time to time by his admiration for an unusually beautiful and artistic piece of book-making. There is very little story, though there is some clear characterization and there is one semi-tragic incident. The central figure is one of those teachers who appear from time to time among men, whose function is not only to open the eyes but to gladden the heart and to restore the soul. This teacher has about him a little company of men who go to him for regeneration among the mountains of northern New England. Sooner or later every man tells him his secret, and with the telling the poison goes out of his life. There comes finally an overworked surgeon of great eminence who long resists the impulse to confess, but finally opens his heart and reveals the one secret which tortures him, only to find that the wronged man is before him, and to receive not only absolution but health from his hands. This is a beautifully conceived piece of work, wrought out with the care which Mr. Herrick never fails to give his stories.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than that which exists between M. Bourget's

[1] The Old Room. By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.
[2] Seeing England with Uncle John. By Anne Warner. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[3] William Jordan, Junior. By J. C. Snaith. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.

[1] Idlehurst. By John Halsham. (Second Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50. net.
[2] The Master of the Inn. By Robert Herrick. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50c., net.

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earlier and later work. The earlier work was pessimistic and cynical, dealing habitually with young men or women who had strayed over the borders which morality and society have combined to mark out. They were reflections of the gay Parisian world, and were characterized by keen observation, subtle analysis, and painfully careful study of details rather than by any original power. Of late years M. Bourget has reacted from his earlier positions, has entered the Roman Catholic Church, and his work has taken on a much more serious character. "Divorce" was a tract in the definiteness of its moral teaching and its sharply defined doctrine. In "The Weight of the Name" [1] this accomplished and cultivated, though in no sense powerful, novelist has described an old nobleman out of touch with modern life, who stands for the two institutions which M. Bourget has espoused—the Catholic Church and the monarchy. The character of this finely tempered and uncompromising old nobleman is drawn with skill and affection; and while in the love passages the novelist does not escape his tendency to be didactic, the story as a whole gains immensely in vitality over his earlier work, because he has put his heart into it.

"Some Ladies in Haste," [2] Mr. Robert Chambers's new book, is the airiest of trifles—and is meant to be. A well-meaning young man finds he has the hypnotic power of suggestion, and exercises it over a dozen or so of young men and girls, some of whom he knows, some not. He wants them to love nature, to be less sordid or frivolous, and he succeeds with a vengeance. The results are odd and surprising. Only a light touch would carry off this preposterous fun, but here, as in "Iolanthe," Mr. Chambers has a fantastic fancy and the suggestion at least of poetic feeling.

The author of a new novel, "His First Leave," [3] whom we have known through a charming story for children, "Concerning Paul and Fiammetta," achieves a decided success. The best, most attractive and wholesome English social traditions are exemplified in the group of people to whom we are introduced. The opening scene is very pretty—the meeting of the young hero, on his way to honorable service in India, with the dear little girl of twelve, whose frank sympathy for him when a cinder got into his eye disclosed a distant connection between their families, and began a friendship that is exquisitely traced throughout the story. The scene shifts from England to India and back again, with India still looming on the horizon. But the charm of the book lies in the delicate understanding, shown by the author, of real human nature. The people are distinct individuals. Each one stands out clearly—faulty, attractive, merry, and true, just such a circle of associations as we would choose for ourselves. There is much tender sympathy for childhood, gracious hospitality, and deep feeling in the story, which happily for us comes out right in the end.

Fritzi [1] was an altogether delightful child who came under the care of strange guardians upon the sudden death of her mother in a strange city. She was afterwards adopted into a big family of real children by their tender-hearted aunt, who found her alone in the flat of "Madame Lucile Sarti, Clairvoyant and Palmist." Fritzi had unusual musical talent. She had been taught, in spite of her queer surroundings, and quickly won the love of the big Muldrow family. The author, Mrs. Daulton, has a charming narrative style, and manages to make her readers as much in love with the characters she draws as *they* were with Fritzi. The final happiness that crowned the little girl's life must be left for the reader to discover. The fresh natural style, the unusual setting of the pretty story, and the satisfactory illustrations combine to make the book unique.

"The Junior Officer of the Watch," [2] by Rufus F. Zogbaum, is a good tale of the American navy for boys. There are enough strange and perilous adventures to give snap to the story, but not enough to disturb the probabilities. The young hero emerges from the cloud of suspicion cast over him by a false friend, and lives to bask in the glow of a pretty romance.

The Post-Exilic Prophets

Preceding works of this author, an eminent British scholar, republished here, have given commendatory introduction to the present volume.[3] It covers a period of some three centuries, from the fall of Jerusalem, B.C. 586, to the end of the prophetic canon. The first third of it arranges the prophetic writings in chronological order, with a view to the significance of each for the history of Jewish religion. Historical criticism here effects considerable decomposition of some of the canonical books, especially of Isaiah and Zechariah, into por-

[1] The Weight of the Name. By Paul Bourget. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.
[2] Some Ladies in Haste. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.
[3] His First Leave. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[1] Fritzi. By Agnes McClelland Daulton. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Junior Officer of the Watch. By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] The Religion of the Post-Exilic Prophets. By W. H. Bennett, Litt.D., D.D. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2, net.

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tions of various date and authorship. That later editorial notes are also found in most if not all of the prophetic literature is tolerably certain. The main portion of the work is concerned with the theological teachings in which the exilic and post-exilic prophets laid the basis on which the theology of the Apostles was builded. "Perhaps," says Professor Bennett, "the most important difference is that Christian doctrine combines and concentrates on Jesus ideas which referred to various persons in the Hebrew Scriptures." Thus, as he says, the term "Messianic" is now applied to any of the prophetic ideals, "because all these ideals are held to be realized in the Person and Work of Jesus." Professor Bennett fairly represents the consensus of scholars in his subject. His is the first published volume in a series of ten upon the development of religion in Israel up to the time of Christ.

German Theology This is a meaty little book,[1] not of equal value throughout. As a report of the varying phases of German theology at present and less recently, it is lucid and instructive, showing on one side a high and dry conservatism, on another a reckless and arid radicalism, and between these some mediating varieties. Dr. Nuelsen is probably correct in his forecast that the next theological battlefield is to be in psychology. In accord with "the new Modern-Positive theology of Germany," he demands "an objective basis, some foundation outside ourselves"—something that can be traced directly back to a manifestation of the living God in the soul of man." This is well said. But Dr. Nuelsen does not seem to see that this objective basis does not necessarily include miraculous events, and that the idea of God *in* nature and *in* humanity must modify the older idea of God *and* nature, God *and* man. So it is a fallacious dilemma when he asks whether the Bible is a record of what God actually did and said, or of what men thought about God.

The Forgiveness of Sins Six of the seven sermons in this small volume[2] were given during Lent in 1907. They present a vital but somewhat misunderstood truth as viewed by enlightened religious thought, though with an unnecessary use of enigmatical terms; *e. g.*, while he explicitly discards the conception of substitutionary atonement, Bishop Hall speaks of Christ as having made "reparation" to God for us. Those who have regarded him as a rigid sacramentarian will find their opinion both sustained and shaken; *e. g.*, in Baptism "we are made children of God;" *in this act* God is said to bestow his regenerating Spirit. In another sermon this is qualified thus: "The inward grace, symbolized by the sign, may accompany the act;" it depends on whether the recipients have "right dispositions." Taken altogether, these discourses show Bishop Hall as more completely in agreement with the common evangelical position than some have supposed.

Sermons in Syntax As compared with the Greek and Latin the Hebrew has a meager assortment of forms for moods and tenses. The various uses of these consequently present a field for careful discrimination by the student, and this yields reward to the Biblical expositor. *E. g.*, in Psalm lvii. 4, "My soul is among lions, I lie among them that are set on fire," the second clause is said here to mean, "I will *deliberately* lie down," etc., *i. e.*, with faith in my deliverer. It is with such niceties of interpretation, more or less significant, that this volume[1] is concerned. Though specially intended to encourage the study of the Old Testament in the original tongue, it offers sermon-stuff to all expositors who care for the finer lines of thought.

'Speak, Lord" It is believed that there are now as many "seekers after God" as there ever were. It is also believed that now, just as much as in the epoch of St. Francis, those seekers long for intimate, personal communion with God, and that they are ever earnestly praying for light, for the Voice of God in their souls. They say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." They cry out not only for the living God, close to them, "closer than breathing, closer than hands and feet;" they long for a living, *speaking* God who shall be one with them and they with him. To all such strenuous seekers and to many others a helpful book[1] should be the slender volume prepared by a writer who, for the moment, hides his real name under the pseudonym of "Persona." In the silence of his conscience, "Persona" hears the opinions, the pronouncements and judgments of the Divine Spirit on the doubts, perplexities, and shortcomings of the individual and of the age. Of course such a book really records the dialogue of a man with his higher self, and in this case the higher self is the ideal man created in him by Christ's spirit. The book is doubly suggestive; for it records that spirit's interpretation of both religious and social problems.

[1] Some Recent Phases of German Theology. By John L. Nuelsen, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 75c. net.
[2] The Forgiveness of Sins: A Course of Sermons. By Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1, net.

[1] Sermons in Syntax. By Rev. John Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.
[1] A New Gospel. By Persona. Brentano's, New York. 75c.

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Letters to The Outlook

REINFORCED CONCRETE

In Mr. J. W. Fitzpatrick's interesting article, "Building Against Fire," in The Outlook of April 25, your paper unwittingly played into the hands of one school of building construction and permitted a statement to be printed that was unwarranted. Permit me to quote:

> Some of our engineers have become great advocates of reinforced concrete construction. Let them use it if they wish; but the frequent and fatal collapses of those buildings, even while under way, should make us exceedingly careful as to the quality of materials and labor employed upon that theoretically fascinating but extremely hazardous mode of construction. The most ardent advocates of reinforced concrete, however, admit now that it is very vulnerable to fire; therefore should every particle of it be as carefully protected from direct attack as is the metal work of our steel-framed buildings.

The foregoing is a most unfair and one-sided presentation of the matter, especially after the paragraphs preceding it, which reveal the animus:

> Fire, earthquake, or storm has little or no effect upon a sturdy steel frame, properly protected with good brick or fireproofing tile well applied. It is the standard construction of the country, so why not use it until something better is discovered?

Then follow the half-truths about reinforced concrete. In the first place, the "most ardent advocates" of reinforced concrete *do not* admit that it is very vulnerable to fire. On the contrary, the penetration of heat and its effect on concrete are so well known that proper fireproof construction in this material is a matter of much easier application and much lower cost than tile-protected steel. The Baltimore and San Francisco fires showed that in the protection of steel by tile there is so much chance for poor work going undiscovered that many buildings supposedly fireproof and classed high went down in the flames. The tile got red hot, and when the water from the hose streams struck it there was a crumbling into small bits and an immediate uncovering of the steel framework. The steel columns, not having the protection of the tile, were distorted by the heat. In hundreds of cases the steel columns were softened by the heat and then gave way under the loads they were supporting, and bent into shapes resembling letters S and J. It was found that cast-iron columns were far better than unprotected steel in a heavy fire, except, of course, that when water struck a cast-iron column it broke. In the absence, however, of water, cast iron was better. The fire feature eliminated, there are of course other considerations that make steel better.

In the case of concrete it was found that this material had better claims for consideration as a fireproof building material than anything yet discovered. Still the writer of the article referred to puts up a weak plea that steel protected by tile should be used until something better is discovered. It reminds me of

> "Mother, may I go out to swim?
> Yes, my darling daughter;
> Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
> And don't go near the water."

If the spirit manifested by that writer were the spirit that animated the world, there would be no progress.

The tile men and manufacturers of clay products are everywhere fighting concrete because it is proving such a formidable competitor of all older building materials. Only to-day, in Engineering News, the editor soothed an agitated correspondent who had been told by makers of clay tiling for farm drainage that concrete tiling rotted after a while, but that burnt clay tile lasted forever.

True, buildings of reinforced concrete have collapsed during construction, but buildings of steel have also collapsed during construction. Wind blows down wooden buildings. There was a builder in your neighborhood who sent his name down to posterity as connected with a class of buildings now known as "Buddensiek," precisely as Colonel Boycott has named a popular pastime. In every investigation held as to the reason for the failures during construction of the reinforced concrete buildings, such good reasons were discovered that if the same conditions had prevailed during the erection of a building of any other material it would as surely have fallen—incomplete inspection, low bids, incompetent workmen. The only reason such prominence has been given the few isolated failures, compared with the vast amount of reinforced concrete work being everywhere done, is that certain building-material interests that will be seriously affected by the inroads concrete is making on their business take care that these things are published abroad. One despicable feature is the mailing by some unknown parties, in plain envelopes, to editors of country papers and cashiers and officers of country banks, clippings of accounts of failures of buildings. The feeling of the bank official in a small place who is asked to loan money for the construction of such a building can well be imagined, after he has been receiving such mail for weeks previous. Whom to charge with this cannot be positively stated, of

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course, but the attack on the new, or practically new, building material is a hard one.

For the information of your readers permit me to state that the only time a reinforced concrete building is likely to fall is during construction, when the contractor may cause some supports to be removed before the concrete is sufficiently set. If it stands for thirty days, it is certain to stand forever. Concrete hardens and becomes stronger with age, and is not affected by the atmosphere. Steel embedded in concrete is thoroughly protected from corrosion and will last forever. How long will our skeleton steel frame buildings last? No one can tell. They may be standard construction, as the writer of the article referred to claims, but it is very modern construction. In fact, reinforced concrete is older by a few years, but the earlier applications of the art were so patented that progress in it was retarded until the expiration of many patents made it common property. Steel then had a good start. We do know that thousands of opportunities for rust and deterioration, because of moisture, exist in the innumerable joints and connections of skeleton steel, tile-protected buildings, and we do not know yet how long they will last. We do know that each day takes them closer to the day when collapse is possible, nay probable; while with reinforced concrete we know that each day takes them further away from the danger of collapse. If they stand when the forms are removed, they will stand until the earth crumbles away.

The writer has worked as a designer and superintendent of construction on steel buildings and reinforced concrete buildings. He holds no brief for reinforced concrete, but does admit liking fair play.

ERNEST MCCULLOUGH.

Chicago, Illinois.

[The main purpose of Mr. Fitzpatrick in writing and of The Outlook in publishing the article referred to was to urge soundness and strength of building construction to protect our cities from the danger of fire. The merits or no merits of reinforced concrete form a disputed point not essential to the main purpose of the article—a point which may best be discussed by engineers in technical papers and upon which The Outlook is not competent to judge. We print Mr. McCullough's letter in order that the contention he presents may be placed before our readers as well as the opposing view held by Mr. Fitzpatrick. We may add that Mr. McCullough is a civil engineer, the author of books on "Engineering Work in Towns and Small Cities" and "Reinforced Concrete," and that he is Consulting Engineer for the Northwestern Expanded Metal Company of Chicago.—THE EDITORS.]

A SUMMER SCHOOL OF ETHICS

The exceptional character of a course of lectures to be given in connection with the summer session of the State University of Wisconsin prompts me to ask the favor of an announcement in The Outlook. A series of twenty-five lectures will be given on the Ideals, Principles, and Methods of Moral Education, by Dr. John L. Elliott, Dr. Henry Neumann, Mr. Percival Chubb, Mr. Leslie W. Sprague, Mrs. Anna C. Spencer, Professor Zueblin, Miss Jane Addams, and others. The course is designed to help school principals and teachers, Sunday-school workers, and Settlement leaders in the task of character-building. These and other lectures planned by the School of Ethics will be open to all without charge. The session will be from July 5 to July 26, and persons attending these lectures will find it possible also to enjoy many of the advantages of the summer session of the University. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary of the Summer School of Ethics, 33 Central Park West, New York City. * *

THE JACOB RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLEMENT

In place of the spring appeal for our work, which The Outlook permits us to make in this place, the reader is referred to the article elsewhere in this issue, "What Settlements Stand For." We need help more than ever, for the winter has been one long struggle with us, as with our neighbors, and we have now to provide for our working-girls a new vacation home, the old one having been demolished. We ask our suburban friends to help by taking our children on trolley excursions or boat rides during the summer; and we shall be very glad for invitations for individual children to spend a holiday in the country. We are meeting the approach of hot weather with a deficit of $500, the legacy of the hard winter. Please send checks to Lillian C. House, 48 Henry Street, New York.

JACOB A. RIIS.

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